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The Week

IMPORTANT events took place in Europe during the first week's meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations; and it is perhaps unfortunate that the newspaper correspondents, pouring forth a great cloud of words, have sought to make these events seem even larger than they were. The Assembly has adopted by unanimous vote a resolution which calls for League action to settle international disputes by arbitral methods. On behalf of their respective governments Messrs. MacDonald and Herriot have accepted "in principle" the idea of compulsory arbitration. The creation of machinery suitable to this purpose has been referred to a committee which will take due note of provisions in the League Covenant (which will perhaps be revised), in the famous Cecil-Réquin draft treaty of security, now discarded, and in the new Shotwell-Bliss proposal for the outlawry of war. The obligatory clause of the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice is also to be clarified. At the very earliest moment when there seems any hope of success, an international conference on limitation of land armament and on alternative ways of obtaining security is to be called. That it will not meet in Washington, despite President Coolidge's mild suggestions a few weeks ago, is made perfectly clear.

THESE are brave words and magnificent intentions: Just how much reality lies behind them? For the optimists there is the indisputable fact that MacDonald and Herriot, both because of personal temperament and because of the radical governments behind them, have a far stronger will to peace, and better support in executing that will, than any two leaders of their governments who have ever faced each other across the council table. There is also the greatly lessened menace of a desperate though hopeless resort to the sword by Germany, since the acceptance of the Dawes plan which gives Europe a breathing space of some months and perhaps years. But against these favorable items must be placed several facts which justify profound discouragement over the prospect of a real solution of the question in the immediate future. MacDonald, with a philosophy which curiously mingles his own radical pacifism with the traditional point of view of the island kingdom which relies chiefly upon naval strength, sees no guarantee of peace until armies are altogether abolished. As long as you have many thousands of men under arms, he tells Europe, no sort of paper contract no matter how binding, can insure against an outbreak of hostilities. True, he accepts the idea of "compulsory" arbitration; but he clearly does not intend this compulsion to rest upon military force at the command of one nation or another.

WHATEVER may be Herriot's private views, the French people are a thousand miles from accepting this policy, and they would turn him out of office instantly if he seemed to endorse it. The French mind, with that realism which is so often next door to cynicism, argues that it is all very well to reduce armies or perhaps even abolish them, if you have an alternative guarantee, equally certain and permanent, of protection against bellicose neighbors. Where is such a guarantee to come from, under Mr. MacDonald's magnificent but vague proposals? Before we burn down our house, they say, we must at least behold the new edifice in which we are to live. While French spokesmen will not admit it, an immediate and practical objection is still more com-

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pelling. By her system of alliances with the Little Entente and Poland, France has secured virtual hegemony over the continent of Europe, and this position of power would disappear were it not for her armies. She holds Poland and Roumania by the promise of support in the not unlikely contingency of war with Russia. She holds both these powers, and the other members of the Little Entente by acting as military guarantor that the terms of the treaties of 1919 will be maintained. The only reason France gave even lip service to the Cecil plan for preventing war by treaties of mutual assistance was because she succeeded in having all her present military arrangements written into the scheme. British repudiation of it a few weeks ago undoubtedly was partly due to the fact that it would have confirmed the present dominance of Europe by France.

IN pointing out the great difficulties in the way, we would not be understood as belittling the effort of the League of Nations to find a formula for settling international quarrels other than by the sword. The differences of opinion and the conflicts in interest among the great powers are huge but are not necessarily unconquerable. Even before these differences are adjusted, if they ever are, world-wide discussions of ways and means for international negotiation is of decided value. The Shotwell-Bliss treaty, for example, with its formula which declares that a nation refusing to come to court is the aggressor, and with its plan for breaking off all commercial relations by other countries, is a genuine and valuable contribution to thought on this subject. The most serious causes of war are and will continue to be competition among nations for world markets, for raw materials, for colonies in which to distribute excess population. In preventing wars of this character no machinery will be of any use which stands idle until an overt act has been committed. Indeed, such wars can probably not be prevented without the ultimate creation of a world organization for allocating markets, dividing raw materials and solving population questions. But in the meantime, there are other wars which develop partly from underlying economic struggles and partly from accidental friction between nations—such affairs as those of Corfu, Morocco and Venezuela. In these matters the public opinion of the world, backed up by the active disapprobation of a majority of the world powers, can certainly sometimes prevent hostilities. And from the standpoint of history, every war prevented is so much clear gain.

THIS is the season for political signs and portents, for straw votes in the wind and for owlish prophecies by seers who resemble the bird of alleged wisdom in that most of the time they are completely in the dark. Of the preliminary indications the Maine election is usually watched with especial eagerness; but this year he must be indeed a seventh son of a seventh son who can extract national significance from what took place there. The Republicans won the state by a majority which, as we go to press, appears to be a little less than two-thirds as large as that by which they won in 1920. Ralph O. Brewster, pro-Klan Republican candidate, has been elected Governor by about 35,000 votes over William R. Pattangall, his Democratic opponent, after a fight which was waged mainly on the Ku Klux issue, and probably demonstrated, if it did anything at all, that there were more Klan members in both parties than had been supposed. In Maine, the election was practically a two-party fight, which makes the results of negligible importance as forecasting the results of the three-cornered contest throughout the nation. How the November election will turn out, as we have said before, we do not believe the shrewdest of our political forecasters have the faintest inkling. Invariably the wish is father to the thought—and a puny infant the latter usually is.

ONE who had a taste for that sort of thing could easily put in eight hours a day from now until November reading what the candidates have to say about affairs of state and what other people have to say about the candidates. The last few days have been unusually vocal ones for the presidential and vice-presidential nominees. Senator La Follette a few days ago reiterated his intention of making the central issue in his campaign breaking the grip of private monopoly, while Senator Wheeler in a whirlwind speaking tour in the Northeast has assailed the corruption of the Republicans which he did so much last winter to expose. Mr. Davis, moving through the Middle West toward the setting sun, has announced a farm program of his own. It is a familiar one: coöperation with Europe to restore the world market, reduced tariffs, taxes and freight rates, and stimulation of coöperative marketing. A little earlier, Mr. Davis had attacked the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes, denounced the Railroad Labor Board, and endorsed the Child Labor Amendment. President Coolidge at the same time spread the glad tidings that American labor is just as well off as it can possibly be. He has also hinted at a slight change of party tactics on the farm question—arranged, no doubt, in order to keep in harmony with General Dawes. After the Republicans have been telling the farmer that he is saved and that everything is now all right, news suddenly comes of a commission to be appointed (Frank Lowden has been offered and has refused the chairmanship) to see whether anything is wrong with agriculture, and if so, what. We agree with Mr. Davis that the proposal smells of the moth ball.

MOST remarkable of all the recent Republican outgivings was the President's violent assault at Baltimore upon the proposal that Congress should have the power to override Supreme Court decisions declaring legislation unconstitutional. "The ques-

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tion is," said Mr. Coolidge, "whether America will allow itself to be degraded into a communistic or socialist state or whether it will remain American. Those who want to continue to enjoy the high state of American citizenship will resist all attempts to encroach upon their liberties by encroaching upon the power of the courts." This extraordinary language he justifies by arguing that "if the authority now vested in the Supreme Court were transferred to the Congress, any majority, no matter what its motives, could vote away any of these most precious rights"—including the right, though the President does not say so, of a reactionary President to pack the court, the accident of mortality favoring him, with five fellow reactionaries who can thereafter prevent any such outrageous legislation as a Federal Child Labor law, for example, for as many years as Heaven continues to give them health and strength. When President Coolidge says that a majority of Congress is not to be trusted to legislate wisely, he implies that a majority of the voters, which sent this majority to Washington, is incapable of selecting proper representatives of its will. If this isn't a denial of faith in the democratic process, will the President be good enough to explain why not?

THE American army aviators who set out from San Diego last spring have now completed seven-eighths of their circumterrestrial flight and are safely back on American soil. It is a magnificent achievement, which will stand in history as long as history continues to be written. Pride in the brilliant accomplishment of Lieutenant Lowell Smith and his fellows need not, however, blind us to several important though depressing facts. The success achieved has been largely the result of miraculous good luck plus the expenditure of a fortune on supplies, equipment and naval assistance. We may thank Providence and no one else, that loss of life was avoided. Aviation is still years from the time when flying around the world is really practicable or safe. The scientific results, beyond the discovery of this one fact, are almost negligible. The chief tangible outcome, in addition to the expenditure of a huge sum of the taxpayers' money, has been to intensify an existing bitter quarrel between the army and the navy. If we had wished to be practical, one-half the money would have aided aviation ten times as much, if expended on overland tests of freight and passenger carrying both in airplanes and dirigibles, between, for instance, New York and Chicago. But who wants to be practical, when faced by such a glorious piece of romanticism as a flight around the world?

IT is clear that another serious famine impends in Russia, though the isolation of that country was never better illustrated than by the difficulty with which facts about the situation are ascertained. From Tsarist quarters in Paris come highly colored stories of starvation conditions already involving many millions, said to be appalling and to be growing rapidly worse. These wild tales are coupled with attacks on the Moscow government for exporting grain in such a crisis, and are obviously intended to forestall the effect of de jure recognition of the Soviet government by Premier Herriot, which is probably impending. On the other hand, even the guarded reports in the official Russian papers indicate that the situation is of the gravest character. A drouth and crop failure, partial or complete, exist in the Volga provinces and even the most optimistic statements say that 7,000,000 people will require aid to carry them through the winter. Once again, of course, the Soviet policies will be blamed for the famine, those who do so conveniently shutting their eyes to the fact that there is a partial failure of the wheat crop which is virtually world-wide, including such completely non-socialistic countries as Canada and the United States.

ONE of the chief campaign developments of the past week was not political at all, but economic. The Republican cause has been injured by the announcement that the American Woolen Company (in which, by the way, Chairman Butler of the National Committee is said to be heavily interested) has passed the regular quarterly dividend of 1¾ percent on its common stock. The heart of the Republican campaign is high tariff and the blessings alleged to ensue from it. The existing schedules, passed by the Republican Congress of 1922, give wool the highest protection it has ever had, higher even than the notorious Schedule K of the Payne-Aldrich law. If the dividend was omitted from economic motives it is proof that the high tariff has failed to serve its purpose—probably because prices to the consumer under it have become so exorbitant as to produce a buyers' strike. If, as Wall Street believes, the passed dividend is preliminary to a reduction of wages for the mill operatives, one of the greatest organizations in a heavily protected industry stands convicted of rather sharp practice in the effort to take some of the fullness out of the workingman's full dinner pail. And whichever explanation be adopted, the sharp break in the stock market which followed the news ironically underlines the Republican contention that good times are here and better times are coming.

WITH the intricacies of the present war between the tuchuns in China, and whether or not the quarrel between the governors of the Shanghai provinces is as it seems a reflection of hostility between Wu Pei Fu and Chang Tso-lin, the average American will be little concerned. He may be more interested, however, in asking the origin of the arms and ammunition used by some 200,000 soldiers who are now in the fighting line. At the Washington Conference of 1921, the European powers and the United States agreed to prohibit the export of arms

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to China. This agreement has unquestionably been broken and large quantities have been smuggled from Europe. The lack of good faith here displayed is a vivid illustration of the difficulties which the League of Nations will encounter in the attempt to control the illegal traffic in munitions of war.

FOR a thoroughly discouraging view of mankind's mental inertia, consider the matter of changing the calendar. For years scientists have urged our adopting thirteen months of twenty-eight days each with an "extra" New Year's day (two of them in Leap Year). This scheme would make each month exactly four weeks long, each week day always falling on the same day of the month. Floating holidays like Easter would be fixed; commercial and scientific calculations would be enormously easier; time worth millions would be saved each year. In short, there is not a single argument against the change except habit. Yet habit has thus far been all-powerful. The scientific congress meeting at Madrid to push this simple reform will be lucky if its members live long enough to see it achieved. There is no greater—nor more common—error than to suppose that when you have shown people an idea is reasonable, you are on the high road toward getting it adopted.

The Meaning of Defense Day

FROM the point of view of those who sponsored it Defense Day is far from a success. These lines, of course, are being written in advance of September 12. They will be read, perhaps, while the daily press is filled with glowing accounts of triumphant parades, speeches and other activities all over the country. Hundreds of published interviews with army officials and leading citizens will attest profound satisfaction with the whole affair. And yet its progenitors are unquestionably cursing deep curses that it should have gone so lamentably astray. To see why this is so, we must look a little into the motives which created this national war mobilization.

In the first place, everyone of any common sense will sweep aside as too absurd for credence the official "explanation" of this Defense (née Mobilization) Day. If the War Department were completely candid it would confess that it can learn very little indeed from the sort of activities which have been planned. Many of them have nothing to do with resisting an enemy and everything to do with an orgy of patriotic Fourth of July oratory. If the government really wanted to find out the fighting strength, as of any given date, of the units which are not included in the regular army, it could do so simply and easily by a questionnaire. If Washington were actually concerned to go through a practice mobilization, its chief attention would be centred on the navy which, since neither Canada nor Mexico is likely to march upon us, is the first real arm of defense. Yet the navy is playing so small a part in Defense Day, if any at all, as to be quite negligible. There is unquestioned value for the general staff in having close contact with the factories which, in case of another war, would be converted from their present productivity to turn out munitions and other war material. But here again, Defense Day gives the army nothing which it could not have secured at infinitely less expense, with no fuss at all and as much or more efficiency, by a rehearsal of the industrial phase alone, or merely by exchanging memoranda in confirmation of those innumerable special agreements which we are led to suppose are already in existence.

The War Department, therefore, went far out of its way to achieve negligible results which could have been reached by other means with infinitely less bother. Not only that, but it has made out of the whole business a great national militaristic crusade. Thousands of columns of newspaper space have been devoted to news of the affair or to commendatory editorials. Hosts of volunteer speakers in speeches delivered from lecture platform or over the radio have urged their fellow citizens to take part. President Coolidge was early dragged in to give the whole proceeding one of those rubber-stamped endorsements which he scatters with such a lavish hand. To an unimpassioned onlooker, if such an aloof being were possible, the whole thing would seem to be a desperate, rather pathetic attempt to reproduce the mental and emotional attitude of 1918, those simple halcyon days when food would win the War, gasolineless Sundays would win the War, the Liberty Loans would win the War, knitting socks would win the War, saving tinfoil would win the War, and when propaganda could and perhaps did conquer the enemy, and certainly did control the whole population, which was reduced to a level of mob-mindedness which few can now recall without shame.

What the army wants out of this attempt to blow on embers almost dead is, we think, fairly clear. It feels that the people of the United States do not in times of peace give the military establishment the respect and admiration to which it is entitled. When you consider the exaggerated deference the uniform gets during war, and the autocratic power its wearers wield, it is not surprising that when peace comes, the soldier should exhibit some of the characteristics of a spoiled child after the doting parent has been replaced by the unsympathetic nurse. The army wants, individually and collectively, much more respectful admiration from the country than it is receiving. It wants bigger appropriations from Congress, which are only to be secured by having pressure brought to bear by constituents on apathetic senators and representatives. It wants a substantial increase in the numbers of the regular army. And many of its chief spokesmen want, although they rarely dare say so openly, universal conscrip-

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tion in time of peace. All of these projects, the army thought in anticipation, would be forwarded by Defense Day, especially if it were made merely the first of an annual series.

But the army, of course, is not the whole story. Clustered around it is a large and very vocal body of those professional patriots whose activities Mr. Sidney Howard has been describing for our readers. They include all the terrified old women, of both sexes, who believe or pretend to believe that millions of Communists are even now counting the hours until they can seize the government and shoot down like a dog every wearer of a white collar; all the well-fed representatives of large industrial organizations who conveniently identify the open shop with the Constitution, and a continuance of child labor with the principles of Washington, Hamilton and Lincoln; all the witch hunters who seek to keep college faculties terrorized until they will parrot only the official propaganda; all those who lobby in legislatures for history textbooks full of partisan lies; in short, all the horrified Aunt Prues who see the world going to the demnition bow-wows and believe that they alone are called to save it—all these are only too glad for obvious reasons to have the chance to rally 'round the flag on Defense Day.

It has long been an accepted maxim that the United States is now in many ways the most conservative country in the world. It is true that the accident of starting with a rich and empty continent —plus the character and institutions of the first settlers—have produced more generally distributed wealth and a higher standard of living than anywhere else in the world; yet these things have been accompanied, particularly in the last few years, by a rigidity of the social framework and an intolerance of the other man's viewpoint hardly matched anywhere else. Since the War, rich America has grown enormously richer; and like an old lady who suddenly inherits great wealth, she has become enormously timid. The ruling group, uneasily aware that it has prospered far beyond its just deserts, looks at Europe and sees a communist government in Russia, a labor government in England, a radical government in France and socialist or semi-socialist governments in a number of the lesser powers. In panic terror it summons all its resources to shout in the ear of the drowsy American giant: "Pay no attention to Europe! Don't listen to all that nonsense! Things are just exactly right here at home and we want them kept just exactly this way. Free speech only for those who say the right things! Nothing taught in the schools that we don't approve of, whether it is, strictly speaking, true or not. America's greatness depends upon everybody's thinking just alike, acting just the same way—our way. Oh dear! Oh dear! Wake up, and say you agree with us!"

In 1918 the giant did rouse a little and nod his head; but it is too late today for a repetition. That is why, from the point of view of those who planned Defense Day, it has been a howling failure. They wanted and expected to see an acquiescent population dutifully going through its drill, applauding the suggestion that Defense Day become an annual enterprise, getting more and more excited about the value of militarism, in fact growing more and more (though the word is taboo) Prussianized. But some minds which were dulled or terrorized by the clamor of 1918, are now active and free. Thousands of people in this country today believe any and all wars to be absolutely useless, destructive and degrading enterprises; and believe, moreover, that big armies and navies tend to bring about conflicts instead of preventing them and that the less regimentation of the common people by military leaders there is in time of peace, the better. They not only believe these things, but they dare to say them. The church, in particular, has found and is using the voice which was stilled during the late conflict. In every part of the country a multitude of protests have been raised against Defense Day and against the dogmatism, illiberalism and perhaps unwisdom of the arguments advanced in its support. Many individuals and organizations have found themselves united for the first time by bonds the existence of which they did not suspect but will be slow to forget. The super-patriots have discovered to their pain and bewilderment that the forces opposed to them, forces representing plain, honest American citizens most of whom have no more sympathy with Trotzky than they have with Mussolini, are far more powerful than they have been led to believe. The occasion which was to have marked a milestone in the militarization of America has instead become a milestone on the road toward peace.

How Will Labor Vote?

WHEN the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, and such powerful unaffiliated national unions as three of the four Railroad Brotherhoods and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, endorse the candidacy of La Follette and Wheeler, it is said by Republican and Democratic editors that nobody carries the labor vote in his pocket, and that endorsement by leaders remote from the rank and file is a piece of bad judgment which will be repudiated at the polls by their constituents. When the secretary of the branch lodge at Podunk endorses Coolidge or Davis it is said that the voice of labor is being heard. What, as a matter of fact, is the situation?

The La Follette candidacy is the direct result of a call to him from the Conference for Progressive Political Action. This is a spontaneous revolt against the old party machinery on the part of farmers and workers. On the labor side it contains international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor comprising about one-third of

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the Federation's membership. To that must be added the state federations of Montana, Wyoming, Kansas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Missouri, Illinois and other states, which probably represent, in addition to the members of the international unions concerned, about 500,000 members belonging to affiliated local bodies. To that must be added again about 300,000 for the members of the three Railroad Brotherhoods, and 135,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Further scattering additions would doubtless bring the total up to at least 2,500,000. The representatives of these union men and women, in face of the traditional opposition to independent political action, in spite of its boldness and difficulties, and before the Executive Council of the American Federation had given its endorsement, took the initiative and made the new ticket possible. This much at least must be conceded as support which is not dragooned by remote leaders who do not sense the political instincts of their followers.

The unanimous action of the Federation's Executive Council was taken by men who, in addition to being officers of the Federation itself, directly represent national unions with a membership of over 600,000 not included in the above figures. Presumably they spoke for a great majority of the Federation; at least they spoke for their own organizations. Their action has since been confirmed by the endorsement of many important national, state and city bodies whose resolutions usually do not get into the news because they are numerous and expected. These include the representative central bodies of New York City and State, of Chicago and Illinois, of California and Washington, and of far more unlikely places such as Virginia and North Carolina. What is the count on the other side?

William B. Wilson, former Democratic Secretary of Labor, former official of the United Mine Workers, but now quite out of touch with the rank and file, is for Davis. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers is on record for Coolidge, though inactive. Yet the Mine Workers themselves have often in their convention declared for a labor party; their more important districts were represented in the July 4 convention of the C. P. P. A.; their largest district, Illinois, has formally endorsed La Follette, and William Green, their secretary, voted for the A. F. of L. resolution.

President Berry of the Printing Pressmen, unsuccessful contender for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination, has declared for Davis. His union, which comprises 37,000, has long been rent by internal opposition to him, which arises from the numerous membership in New York, Chicago, and other big centres. T. V. O'Connor, former President of the 34,000 organized longshoremen, was appointed to the Shipping Board by Harding, and is for Coolidge. Some of the present officers of the union support him. President Hutcheson, of the 315,000 organized carpenters, is a consistent Republican. He is not taking an active part in the campaign.

President Lee of the Railroad Trainmen is a Republican and his organization has not endorsed La Follette. Its official organ gives a clean slate to all three candidates and adopts a neutral position. One of its local officials from Massachusetts is the labor expert on the Coolidge staff. Yet a large section of the trainmen will undoubtedly vote with their railroad colleagues.

The secretary of the comparatively unimportant Connecticut State Federation of Labor is trying to line up labor for Davis. Apparently he was the best representative of the unions the Democrats could lay their hands on for this purpose. His organization is not behind him.

The Hudson County, N. J., labor council has declared for the Democrats. Scattering and unimportant adherents of both old parties occasionally get publicity in various sections of the country.

The trade-union press is almost unanimously supporting La Follette. The chief exceptions are the miners' journal, which does not mention politics, and the trainmen's journal, which is neutral. No influential or genuine labor paper has yet been discovered supporting either of the old party candidates, except that of the pressmen.

This is, in sum, the story as far as it can be read from official action and visible pronouncements. The old parties are entitled to all the comfort they can draw from it. Certainly, as far as labor authority is concerned, the overwhelming weight is on the side of La Follette. If all the Progressive leaders were to be supported by all their constituents, and all the dissenters by theirs, only a small part of the labor vote would go to the Republicans and Democrats, with Coolidge getting decidedly the better of it. And there seems to be less distance between the La Follette leaders and their followers than between the old party leaders and theirs.

This picture is, to be sure, much too flattering to the political cohesiveness of the trade unions. It is true that the agitation for independent political action is what is called a rank-and-file movement rather than a mere gesture by powerless leaders. It is true that such political activity as is displayed by union members, as well as by union officers, is chiefly in behalf of the Progressive ticket. But the majority of union members, like the majority of citizens and members of other organizations, are passive except in times of crisis. They do not regularly attend meetings, vote in union elections or read labor periodicals. In addition to being union members they are church members, lodge members, neighbors, readers of popular newspapers and magazines. A "rank-and-file" movement in the unions is carried on, not by all of them, but by the active minority who take the trouble to attend to labor business. They passively assent to such activities, they usually support their organization in times of strike or other trouble which intimately affects each

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individual, but in other respects they are just part of the general population. This means that their votes will in large measure be influenced by the same causes that influence their neighbors' votes.

Though the union endorsement of La Follette does not automatically carry the labor vote with it, such a beginning is not without large importance. In former campaigns labor leadership itself was far more divided, while nearly all leaders agreed in condemning appeals for the labor vote from new parties. This left the field free for the campaigners and local machines of the Republicans and Democrats to prevent the emergence of any such thing as a national labor vote. This time the La Follette ticket has a type of union assistance which no ticket of the established parties has ever had. Wherever there is a La Follette speaker, committeeman or editor, he can quote the clean-cut pronouncements of the union officials. If his campaign is well organized and intrinsically appealing to the working man, this assistance will help to create confidence and set up barriers for the old party contestants to hurdle. Such a ferment is likely, under present conditions in the United States, and with strong Progressive leadership, to create a labor vote where none previously existed. It is likely to undermine the prestige of those scattered leaders who have entangled themselves with the old party machines. The apologists for Coolidge and Davis who are attempting to minimize the union support of La Follette are fighting a rear-guard action.

Mr. Mansevich and Uncle Sam

JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor of the United States, perhaps does not read the newspapers quite as carefully as he should. If he did, he would know that Attorney-General Harlan F. Stone is committed to a new policy in the Department of Justice—a policy of cleaning out the rabble of spies, informers and agents provocateurs who made their nests in the Bureau of Information under the régime of the late unlamented Mr. Daugherty and the equally late, equally unlamented Mr. Burns. If Mr. Davis knew this, it is hard to see how he could have written the extraordinary article which appears under his signature in the New York Herald-Tribune of August 31, discussing the story of the Mansevich case, and defending the government's conduct. August 31, you will remember, was the day before Labor Day. It was as though Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, ironically wished to point out on the eve of that occasion to the people of the country: "This is what I think of the right of the workingman to fair treatment at the hands of the government."

The surface facts in this famous case are fairly simple. Nicolai Mansevich came to America a number of years ago from territory which was then Russian and is now Polish. In 1921 he had worked at the Ford factory in Detroit for eight years. He was buying a home for himself and his family out of his modest income, and enjoyed in general a good reputation for sobriety and industry. On September 2, 1921, a delivery man for the American Railway Express Company, accompanied by two agents from the Department of Justice of the United States, called at the Mansevich home while the husband and father was away at the Ford factory. The expressman had with him a package of seditious literature addressed to Mansevich. The agents then went to the Ford factory and arrested him. For two and one-half years thereafter the United States government was engaged in a struggle to deport him, a struggle which ended successfully when he was sent to Europe in May, 1924. The delay of thirty months was caused by efforts of a group of public-spirited citizens of Detroit, aided powerfully by an honorable and influential newspaper, the Detroit News, to prevent the deportation of a man whom they believed and still believe to be entirely innocent and the victim of a persecution by the forces of the law as outrageous as has been witnessed in this generation.

The government's side of the story was stated recently in the columns of the Detroit News by Dr. Percy L. Prentis, local director of the Immigration Service, a subsidiary of the Department of Labor, which coöperated with the Department of Justice in putting Mansevich away. Secretary of Labor Davis's article in the New York Herald-Tribune is merely a rehash of the Prentis letter with no important fact added. Prentis argues (1) that Mansevich has had two hearings, (2) that his case has been reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States, (3) that Mansevich admitted membership in two pronouncedly anarchistic organizations, (4) that he admitted arranging to receive anarchistic literature in quantities in his house. This case, as stated by Dr. Prentis, and reëchoed by Secretary Davis, sounds impressive until one begins to examine the alternative statements of the citizens of Detroit who have interested themselves in the Mansevich matter. These persons point out:

That the deportation order was based on only two items of evidence. One of these was statements which a police agent named Apelman alleges Mansevich made to him and subsequently repeated (also to him, as an interpreter). These statements Mansevich has over and over again denied and still denies. The other evidence was given by a paid police spy, who at the time denied his profession and swore he was merely a private citizen. Only recently has he confessed the truth.

The statement which Prentis makes and Secretary Davis reiterates, that the United States Supreme Court has reviewed the case, is a half truth which is more unfair than a whole lie. The Supreme Court considered nothing but the legal right of the United States to deport a man to territory which was Russian when he left it but is now Polish. As a matter

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of fact, the Secretary of Labor, who so proudly points to this decision of the Supreme Court, is himself the final reviewing authority in deportation cases. It is surprising if Mr. Davis does not know this.

In the course of this case two immigration service officials have explained that, as the Detroit News says, "nothing an alien can say at his legal hearing can even weaken the statement the police say the alien made in the secret inquisition or examination." In other words Mansevich's testimony as to what he believes has no weight against Apelman's testimony as to what he once said he believed.

The government made a great point of the bundle of seditious literature delivered to the Mansevich home. Both Mansevich and his wife have insisted throughout that they were guilty only of offering to store a package for an acquaintance while he was away from Detroit. Mansevich never even saw this bundle, which was seized by the police.

The prettiest spot in the picture, as we have already suggested, is found in the activities of a gentleman named Slaszek, who bobbed up at the second hearing. Slaszek swore that he was a private citizen, a patriot, that he did not know the spy Apelman who had made the case against Mansevich, and that he had never had anything to do with the government in his life. He asserted that one day, purely by chance, he had bought a copy of a revolutionary paper from the defendant—a statement which the latter denied and still denies. Slaszek now comes forward to admit that he is a secret police spy; that he has been one for four years; and that he worked with and under Apelman, who was the sole other source of the government's evidence.

The methods of the police are illustrated by another item of fact. The Mansevich preliminary statement, which as soon as made he immediately began repudiating and has repudiated ever since, was written out for him to sign, but not in Russian, the only language he understands. It was in English. He was told in Russian of its alleged contents; but now maintains that this summary which was made to him does not at all square with what was written.

Prentis and Davis made a great point of the clergyman, "of intelligence and good standing" who acted as interpreter at the first formal hearing. They omit to mention that the Rev. D. S. Darin, of the Greek Orthodox Church, the man referred to, is an avowed Tsarist, a foe of all radicals, who worked as a volunteer spy for the police, and caused the arrest of about 100 of his parishioners, of whom ninety-four were subsequently proved innocent. It is no wonder, perhaps, that Mr. Prentis, in a moment of reasonableness which he no doubt now regrets, wrote after the hearings: "To what extent, if any, Mansevich has been advocating anarchism within the meaning of the term, I am unable to state."

We do not pretend, at this distance from the scene, to be able to say whether or not Mansevich really does hold beliefs which make him subject to deportation under the laws of the United States. Against the evidence of two police spies, one of them a self-confessed liar, we have his own repeated repudiation of the alleged testimony. We have his positive statement that he does not believe in force, that he believes in and proposes to obey the laws. We have the confidence in his innocence expressed by a number of citizens of Detroit including some competent attorneys and the editors of one of the leading newspapers of the United States. But whether Mansevich is actually innocent or guilty is beside the point. What is important is that he has been deported (without funds, leaving his destitute wife and three children a charge upon the public charities of the city of Detroit) on evidence of the flimsiest character; evidence procured by men, one of whom had been prominent in the witch hunting raids of the infamous Palmer days; evidence which, once given, was accepted by the authorities as incontrovertible; evidence given in part by a government spy who swore that he was a private citizen.

It is important, we believe, that these methods are used against a poverty-stricken Russian-speaking alien, supposedly friendless and alone, when even the most brazen disciple of Daugherty himself would not dare use them against an American citizen with means and social position. Most important of all is the revealed attitude of the immigration service's district director, Prentis, and of Secretary of Labor Davis, both of whom have made public statements about the case of a highly misleading character, leaving out nearly every really important fact at issue. It is clear that outrageous methods were used against Mansevich, as they have been used against hundreds of other poor men, who have been brought into contact with the law. The authorities responsible for the subordinates who were guilty of this "irregular" conduct had two courses open to them. They could have candidly admitted a blunder, and done what was in their power to repair it. Or they could sit tight, deny everything and refuse to see the facts staring them in the face. We record with regret our conviction that the latter is the policy which has been adopted.

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La Follette and Wisconsin

Testimony from His Own State by an Expert on Government

IN the year 1907 a well known writer and lobbyist of public utility corporations who was then attending the session of the Wisconsin legislature, stated to me that this legislature was the only one in the country that took up economic questions on their merits, without reference to personal or party advantage. This particular piece of legislation in which he was interested was in the hands of a committee for about five months. It involved an extension of the powers of the Railroad Commission, created two years before, to all of the water power, electric, gas and water utilities of the state. The committee represented in its membership the point of view of public utility corporations as well as the views of the progressives. It brought to its assistance all of the economic and statistical expert advice that could be obtained, held many committee hearings and two public hearings where the capable representatives of the several hundred utility corporations presented their views in detail and in general, and produced an act of the legislature which became a model and was adopted by several other states.

Watching the course of that bill through the several months of legislative action, I saw that the attitude of the legislators was exactly that which La Follette, in May, 1900, prior to his nomination for governor, had stated would be his attitude towards the railroad corporations if he should be elected governor. Writing to a personal and political friend who was a leading attorney and lobbyist for the railway companies on the subject of taxation, he said:

> If I were in a position to pass officially upon a bill to change existing law, it would be my first care to know whether the rate therein proposed was just in proportion to the property of other corporations and individuals then taxed, or as therein proposed to be taxed. This determination of that question would be controlling. If such rate was less than the justly proportionate share which should be borne by the railroads, then I should favor increasing it to make it justly proportionate. If the proposed rate was more than a justly proportionate share, in comparison with the property of other corporations, and of individuals taxed under the law, then I should favor decreasing to make it justly proportionate. In other words, I would favor equal and exact justice to each individual and to every interest yielding to neither clamor on the one hand, nor being swerved from the straight course by an interest upon the other. This position, I am sure, is the only one which could commend itself to you; and cannot be criticized by any legitimate business honestly managed.

The railroad taxation law which La Follette finally succeeded in enacting in 1903, carried out the principle thus referred to in the letter to his corporation friend, under the guidance of a taxation commission which employed a large but necessary staff of economists, accountants, statisticians and engineers, in order, by thorough investigation, to establish as nearly equal and exact justice as was possible between all taxpayers. The law was afterwards extended to all public utility companies, and although it materially increased the taxes of many of these corporations, yet the basis of fact on which the taxes are calculated has been so generally regarded as equitable that railroad and public utility taxation ceased, from that time, to be a political issue.

It was the first great economic issue on which La Follette appealed to the people, and his appeal was so dramatic and forceful, and aroused the people so vigorously that the railroad corporations and opposing politicians cried out "confiscation," whereas it was only an appeal for "equal and exact justice." As far as I have been able to observe, with only one exception—that of the water power act of 1913—has there been any legislation that could rightly be named confiscation, or a departure from the principle of thorough investigation in order to ascertain the difficult point of "equal and exact justice." It was this exception in 1913 which contributed largely to bringing about a return of the reactionaries to power in 1914, and the election of La Follette's antagonist to the position of governor, along with the repeal of the water power act.

This reactionary period continued for six years, largely on account of La Follette's own war record in the United States Senate, which caused many of his supporters to go over to the reactionaries. Although I am now favoring La Follette's program on domestic issues, as I formerly did, yet I joined with the reactionaries and the other progressives and we did all that we could to conteract his influence in the state respecting the War, and I am proud of our success. Yet I had lived through a period of thirty years following the Civil War when the bloody shirt issue between the Republican and Democratic parties had concealed from the people the strangle hold which the privileged corporate interests were getting on the national and state governments and the resources of the country. Another period like that, with no real economic issue permitted to arise between the Republican and Democratic parties, would be disastrous, in my opinion. La Follette was the first political leader, and indeed the only one, to my knowledge, who, through many years of defeat, finally brought about a complete and durable divorce between the dominant corporate interests and the two political parties that hitherto had jointly ruled the people of a great state. Be-

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ginning in 1894, he did not finally succeed until 1905, and he refused to go to the Senate until the last of his measures were enacted into law.

He has recently told me that, since he went to the Senate, he has not interposed in any legislation before the state legislature. This is not the case with candidates. I remember his closing speech in the primary campaign of 1906, when he had toured the state for Mr. Lenroot, later elected to the United States Senate, as his candidate for governor. He was perfectly confident, at that last huge meeting, that Lenroot would be nominated in the coming primaries a few days later, judging by the great audiences and enthusiasm which he had met wherever he spoke. Yet Lenroot was defeated by a majority of 46,000. La Follette, the master in political strategy and control of party contentions, had himself created an instrument through which it was impossible for him to become a boss. The people came to hear La Follette and not to vote for Lenroot. He can get pluralities for himself of 50,000 to 300,000 votes, but he cannot dictate whom the people shall nominate or elect for any office other than his own.

This great instrument of self-dethronement was the total abolition of party conventions and caucuses by means of the state-wide direct primary, reaching from the local constable to the state governor and the United States Senator. His fight for the direct primary began in 1897, after he had seen the delegates to two state conventions of the Republican party twisted away from their promises to the local caucuses by the combined railroad lobbyists and party bosses. The idea of a direct primary was not new, but La Follette made it universal and drastic. It was not until 1903 that the law was enacted, and La Follette brought it about by his vivid descriptions over and over again in all parts of the state of the actual workings of the caucus and convention system.

It is this that accounts for the freedom and independence of the Wisconsin legislators, not only from corporation control but also from La Follette control. Whatever may be said in criticism of direct primaries, they certainly have brought to the legislature of Wisconsin a body of honest, serious, investigating, plain people eager to study and learn as much as possible about the bills proposed and to follow the lines of "equal and exact justice" regardless of bosses, machines, party regularity or even the advice of La Follette. A poor farmer from the north woods comes to the legislature on a mere postal card campaign, without asking the consent of the party whose headquarters are at Madison or Milwaukee.

When these people arrive at the legislature they find themselves helpless in drafting the bills and getting their ideas clearly before the legislature. Prior to the La Follette era they were compelled to call upon the corporation lobbyists or attorneys to put their bills in legal form and to frame their arguments in logical shape. It is no wonder then, that, since the year 1901, they have vigorously supported, even during the reactionary period of six years, the remarkable Legislative Reference Bureau, originated in 1901 by Charles McCarthy. This bureau has been the centre of much attack. McCarthy frequently opposed the ideas of Governor La Follette and even more vigorously opposed the ideas of the reactionary governor and his supporters. Yet he has been sustained by the legislature consistently, and now, after his untimely death, an able and a trained successor continues his work.

The bureau has been divided into two sections—a bill-drafting and an investigating bureau. Any member can have a bill drafted, by filing in writing his ideas, or can have the measure investigated either by comparison with similar laws in other states or countries, or by an economic or statistical investigation of the subject-matter. In this way it is possible for farmers, laborers, and all independents who break into the legislature on their own direct primary campaigns, to have an equal footing in the matter of legislation and investigation with the heretofore eminent attorneys of the great corporations.

I take it, too, that one of the great forces that put these plain people into the investigational state of mind was La Follette's manner of oratory. It was something new. He came to his audiences with sheets of statistics collected by his own industry and by the capable investigators whom he brought to his assistance. Then he would hold a sweating audience in the month of August for two or three hours with his statistical oratory. I have noticed that his eastern audiences and his senatorial colleagues get tired, but the people of Wisconsin have learned that it is statistics that count when great problems of economics and government are to be decided wisely. The people of the state have always been remarkably conservative; they must be accurately shown before they act. And scarcely any great politician and orator in the United States has ever worked harder to master the statistics and economics of his subject. A legislature brought up on statistics is a cautious, independent and persistent body of men.

One of the most powerful instruments of the corporate control of the legislature and the people was the system of distributing railway passes by the railway lobbyists. This had been carried to an almost unbelievable extent, judging by our present views on the subject. An anti-pass bill had frequently been introduced in the Wisconsin legislature, and La Follette took it up as his leading measure. The bill could not be enacted until 1903, and when in 1907 the public utility law followed this model, it was found that throughout the state many local men of prominence and influence, including even ministers of the gospel and many charitable and worthy organizations, were receiving rebates or free services from light, power, street car and water utilities.

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The abolition of this polite bribery of the good and religious leaders has been a very important factor in divorcing corporations from both state politics and local politics.

A civil service law was not enacted by La Follette until he had obtained complete control of the legislature in 1905. He had been governor for four years and many of the appointees in state departments were of his own choosing, but he did not have a supporting majority in the legislature until 1905. It would have been expected, and has always been the practice, when a civil service law was enacted, that all of the existing public employes should be "blanketed in" by making them exempt from the law. This provision was indeed incorporated in the first draft of the bill drawn up at La Follette's request on the basis of a study of all existing civil service laws. But La Follette insisted upon something new. The existing employes were not to be blanketed in, but all of them whose positions were covered by the law were required to take a non-competitive examination as a condition of continuing in the service. The law was extended also to all the clerks, stenographers and pages of the legislature, with the result that the number of such employes, previously the patronage of members, has been greatly reduced.

Civil service laws have always been an irritation to the heads of departments, and the attitude of the legislature towards the Civil Service Commission has been vacillating, sometimes strongly supporting it, sometimes critical. But it would be impossible to conduct a government on La Follette's principles of investigation and equal and exact justice, if the stenographers, statisticians, economists, actuaries, engineers and similar professional employes were to be continually changed with changes in the heads of departments. In all but one or two of such departments, they have not been changed in this way, and it is notorious that the Wisconsin state departments have become a training school for experts who are pulled away after their training, into private employment by the lure of salaries paid by corporations much higher than the state salaries. The heads of departments are changed for political reasons or are appointed from the outside, and this shuts off promotions for subordinate experts. Even with these defects the civil service of the state has been far superior, during the twenty years that I have observed it, to that of any other state or federal government.

One interesting fact about La Follette's political strategy is that he never allowed more than one major issue to be brought before the people or the legislature at one time. He persuaded the popular and well-known originator of the railroad commission law to postpone his bill for five years until the direct primaries law and the railroad taxation law had been passed. After he got control of the legislature in 1905, both the Railroad Commission law and the Civil Service law were passed, the latter one without any previous discussion before the public.

This policy of stringing along the progressive legislation from year to year has frequently been criticized by his opponents and even by his followers, as merely a shrewd scheme to save up the popular issues for future campaigns. They called it political duplicity; but, seeing, as I have seen, how it has kept the issues clear and has prevented the political reactions that always follow, and have followed in Wisconsin, too much progressivism and radicalism at a single dose, I call it political statesmanship. A successful progressive act of the legislature, efficiently administered, furnishes a sound basis for additional progressive measures when the people can have time to think about them without confusion of issues.

I might mention several other pieces of state legislation that have been adopted since La Follette went to the Senate in 1905. These would include a stringent corrupt practices law, a law requiring lobbyists to register and to confine their arguments to legislative committees, a continuation school law enacted two years before that of any other state, the income and inheritance tax laws, the extensive legislation favoring coöperation and labor unions, factory legislation, a minimum wage law, a market commission enforcing fair competition, an industrial commission enforcing all the labor laws, an apprenticeship law, a strict regulation of insurance companies, and others. Each of these has an interesting history of its own. All of them are marked by the same careful investigation and efficient civil service which I have already referred to.

Complaints have been made that Wisconsin legislation is so drastic and taxes so high that business interests and wealthy citizens have been compelled to move to other states. A few figures will show that these complaints are groundless. The number of persons engaged in manufacturing within the census years 1914 to 1919 increased 31 percent in the United States as a whole, but increased 38 percent in Wisconsin. The percentage of business firms that failed in the United States was nearly double the percentage of failures in Wisconsin for five of the years, 1912 to 1921, and more than double the Wisconsin percentage in the other five years. The bank failures in Wisconsin from 1903 to 1922 were only ten, whereas the number in neighboring states, having about the same total number of banks, ranged from forty-eight to 108. In 1923 Wisconsin had the largest number of bank failures in any year since La Follette was governor, namely four; but even in this year only Michigan of the neighboring states had fewer failures, while both Iowa and Minnesota had more than twice as many as Wisconsin.

JOHN R. COMMONS.

(This is the second of a series of articles by various writers. The third will appear in an early issue.)

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The Big Parade

THERE were nine of them left after twenty days, and the lieutenant made them ten. They were not isolated, for there were soldiers all about them. The lieutenant must have held ninety in his platoon, in addition to the nine. He could not tell the number to a man, because replacements were being rushed into the line and wounded hushed out of the line at all night hours in the twenty-four. In stages of ten and twenty each night, and conscript nondescripts they were, too. Casuals, the army called them; as if they had some faltering genius for mortality.

The lieutenant could not count them in the night time, for the blanket darkness was pinioned down about them by masses of shell smoke, thunderous vapors turgid with phosgene. Under the pall of this blanket, where the lieutenant alternately rallied and gagged upon the fruity mellowness of gas, the ninety lay so quietly in the coverts that counting them was impossible. Scuttling sparrows, along the sunken road bisecting the arc of the lieutenant's position which fringed the cringing limes and poplars of a broken wood.

The nine had first ventured into the broken wood when its trees were fluted evenly against the ruddy seas of a startled dawn, trees now gat-toothed under the bludgeonings of man. There had been fifty-seven men with the lieutenant. Forty-eight of those were gone. Gone, oh, anywhere: to hell if you like, and ninety had filled their places. The nine were the lieutenant's own, for he had brought them from overseas as his own. When they sailed, his father had turned up by some acute discovery, had seen them pass along the brutally cobbled, wintry streets of Hoboken. Had said: "A fine body of men you have there, my son." The lieutenant knew that never, even though by a miracle he continued to live, could men be so close again. He understood the nine's divination of his helplessness, of the odd points of his strength. When he was minted and stamped, as expendible as a bright new penny, as cheaply held, these nine had been among those first given him. As the Spartan boy had been given away; the boy who was later to feel the teeth of a small red fox lacerating the belly of his ethical pride. Where there was utterly no safety, he liked having them with him for the sense of security they lent him amidst these ninety casuals of the night.

Most of all, the lieutenant liked having Gianonni. The boy was eager; a dark, unleashed undertaker's assistant from Brooklyn. Gianonni was wonderful about the dead; put them out of sight before morning, threw light mantles of earth over their drained faces, replenished mantles of other nights where desecrating shells had churned the light, odorous loam of spring. Gianonni could also carry messages. He could carry messages anywhere. He was the best runner in the world, the lieutenant boasted to each of his three captains. In turn, Gianonni had thrown the last mantles over two of these captains in the darkness of the night, heavier in accordance with their rank. The lieutenant felt lonely with the third captain, unless Gianonni was near. For the captain was himself a casual acquisition of the darkness.

Night after night Gianonni strayed anywhere, everywhere, having pleasantly appointed his horrid chores. A mile up to the left of the line to examine curiously the Moroccans who sometimes wore enemy eyes as bangles of prowess. Or three miles to the rear of the lines, to slake his gullet with limpid water from chalky wells, to purchase chocolate with money given him by surgeons in return for souvenirs of the chase. The lieutenant knew the source of the souvenirs. Gianonni chattered. Gianonni, he knew, was a ghoul. The undertaker's apprentice picked enemy dead clean, thrust his nimble hands into the pockets of swollen Germans who had grown beards while lying with faces turned to drink the warm spring rains. The lieutenant knew that Gianonni was not a killer, had never fired his runner's automatic, had never been seized with the hysteria of hatred. Others killed. Gianonni robbed. The lieutenant felt Gianonni closer to him than any other of the nine. The lieutenant was not a killer.

The lieutenant considered taking all nine with him when the message came. Certainly all nine were deserving of going, as deserving as the lieutenant himself. The message specified that the lieutenant and eight other ranks were to present themselves at battalion headquarters at midnight, to entrain for Paris. They were to form a squad in a composite company representing the regiment in a Fourth of July parade. The lieutenant was aware of the sinister moral of such an expedition. Dirtied Americans, smelling of blood, were to be exhibited along the Champs Elysées fresh from the lines. The French, become connoisseurs in enervated faces, could find proof of active American participation in the seven kinds of hell prepared for a sister republic. The lieutenant read, understood. He whipped out a steel mirror he wore next his heart. He studied puttied cheeks, eyes yellowed by a thousand end-to-end cigarettes, nose swollen from picric fumes, lips seared from thirst, hair brittle with sweat. The French could label him exhibit A.

The message was inconsiderate. Eight were not enough. The lieutenant considered taking eight, and hinting to Gianonni that he might make his own dispositions for following close on. He was confident of Gianonni's ability to desert. But there were complications, other considerations. Gianonni once removed from immediate responsibility, once remote from intimate control, might never in the

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course of his peregrinations become tangent to the line again. Trust the amiable embalmer's novice. Gianonni was too intelligent, too calloused, to fling free on his own once. The best runner, the lieutenant reflected in the late afternoon as he fingered the message, the best runner in France would spend the remainder of his life of service swinging his quick short legs along the boulevards.

The lieutenant decided to make the nine draw straws for it. He sat back in his fox-hole and carefully partitioned a wheat straw into nine pieces. Eight parts were graduated from one inch to three. The butt of the ninth straw was frayed into a five inch length. This longest, it pleased him to decide, would give its holder instant joy. The shortest straw would obligate its owner to remain behind with the ninety casuals.

The lieutenant carefully placed the nine pieces of straw in his notebook, and tucked it under some miscellany of gear at the bottom of his fox-hole. He crawled across an open space and sought out the nine among the listless coveys of men. He located eight, one after another. "When it's pitch black tonight," he whispered to each in turn, "come to my P. C."

Gianonni had strayed again. Would some one pass the word to Gianonni? The lieutenant wormed his long dirty body back to the fox-hole and sat stonily for three hours, aching for sleep. At dusk a formation of silvered albatross droned in the high violet of evening; birds winging to lay steel eggs into the nests of Paris. The lieutenant from his boredom envied the enemy airmen their light blue war of the skies. A bomber did his dirty work upon a full night's sleep, a full evening's belly. The albatross were pillowed in feathery clouds. Machine gunners were tuning in for the night, lining up targets for the fear watches. The lieutenant noted with precision the beaten zones of the night's play. Darkness came on slowly, random star shells mimicked the bloodstone of the evening star. Anxious machine gunners began their intermittent alarm. The blanket of night was pinioned down again. The lieutenant blew the sand from the magazine of his automatic, and snapped the trigger twice for inspection, sighting on the evening star. On the last Sunday night at home he had played from the score of Tannhäuser for the offertory.

Presently the eight appeared, one by one enriching the fox-hole's smell of roots and blood, of canned salmon and phosgene as each lurched down the crater. They were stoics, apathetic. Then they were sceptics, wary. It was clear to them that the meeting of the nine was signal, portentous. A job, some sort of a sweet job, was awaiting men who knew the ground of contention. The senior corporal spoke first: "Dirty work, Mister?"

The lieutenant was important. "Trip to Paris," he said laconically.

None said a word. In the darkness all breathed fiercely at the jest. There was a detonation fifteen yards away which broke the senior corporal's inhibitions into bits. "In a pig's" . . . he began. He stopped short. All breathed more easily. There might be something in the lieutenant's remark after all.

The lieutenant explained. The eight were eager to live. They believed. They crouched, rifles grounded, and a current of credulity ran through the circle, bridging gap after gap until the smell of the fox-hole became acrid in the darkness with burning insulation.

"Who'll draw for Gianonni?" the lieutenant asked. "He rates this trip. He's one of you."

The eight heated the darkness like so many radiators. "It's the kinda lay-out," said the youngest of the two corporals after two detonations and a machine gunner's ecstacy had warmed him, "that could mean Hoboken or hell, getting away like this. Three of mine today . . . that God-damned one pounder again. I wouldn't like to pluck a raspberry for little Caruso."

A shower of earth tinkled upon the lieutenant's tin hat. A voice whispered cheerily into the fox-hole. "Theesa you, Meester," came down the layers of darkness. "I no get da message soon." Gianonni's small feet struggled down through the gloom, wriggled for a purchase in the centre of the ring. He rose to the drama of his entrance into the ring. Merrily, lightly, his spirits responded.

"A gooda job, eh?"

Pleasantly, his breath smelled of milk chocolate and jam. As he settled into the ring the masses of French currency on him clinked affluently. He began feeling arm chevrons, shoulder straps; identifying the arrangement of his companions. The lieutenant opened his note book craftily, gathering the straws into his left hand, fringing them evenly in the channel of thumb and forefinger. He bent his long dirty body over as a shade, and drew from his tunic a small electric torch. He splayed the tiny beam, millions of candles in the darkness, for an instant full upon his left hand extending forward into the circle. He cried, jauntily:

"A straw for each of you old timers. The shortest one marks the man who stays behind."

Gianonni, with the gambler's instinct for chance, seized a straw's tip with a whizz-bang's quickness. A shell exploded forward. The lieutenant snubbed the torch, feeling the longest straw whip through his hand. Its frayed end telegraphed that Gianonni was safe. The eight drew methodically. Straws were compared. The lieutenant was struck with anger. Gianonni was extending a straw a half inch shorter than any broken by the lieutenant. Triumphantly Gianonni thrust his small brown hand forward. Fatuous in his deception—a double deception—Gianonni cried:

"I stay behind with lieutenant's bag. Youse guys weel be bump off on damned gooda job!"

Gianonni had said nothing to the lieutenant. He accepted the condolences of the eight, who were cut

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that he had felt for an instant the false joy of safety. Until he had broken the straw, war had been happy turns, pleasures, excitements for Gianonni. He wandered out of the lines ten minutes after the eight had disappeared into the darkness filing behind the lieutenant on their way to the railhead. He loped parallel to them, twice picking them out as stalking shadows, when they stood still under the baleful glow of vagrant star shells. He tired of running parallel with them in the darkness, as a dog tires when quartering a stubble for his horsemen. He drew across odorous fields in the darkness, stumbling over furrows, turning aside for shell holes, throwing himself expertly flat when some shell left the droves above him to rush screaming down upon his solitary figure. He grew thirsty from dust and fumes, from the dry fields quilted in lazy patterns of smoke. He gained the dismantled village of the fields, and wriggled his small body through the water details clustered about the town fountain. The details were cursing, fretting under the warming they had sustained while cantering with their long poles, strung with clanking canteens and chains. He wriggled through them and thrice drank his canteen cup dry, apathetic to the thirst of the ninety left behind. Three quarts of water logged his small belly until it was distended puppy fashion within the girdle of his runner's belt. He was enervated, sleepy, sorrowful. He walked through the wrecked wall of a farmhouse, stumbled into the best room, and stretched his body along an overturned grandfather's clock. He slept. Presently he awoke, as the hunted will awake, instantly. They were sending over heavy metal. He could hear its screaming overhead, bursting along the roads where water details, ammunition wagons, ration parties would not be scouring for friendly cover. A pang seized him when he understood that he had not awakened cheerily.

He counted his money as it grew light. There were nearly two thousand francs. He could never spend them all upon chocolate at the Y. M. C. A. wagons. Across the room a ladder ran to a loft. He mounted it curiously, and in the faint streamers of dawn filtering through displaced slates he saw two officers sleeping gently, maps and artillery glasses unslung beside them, telephone headpieces clapped upon one's dulled ears. He descended, moved about the house and found the room they occupied. There was a blanket roll in one corner. He unrolled it deftly, pleased when it discharged the uniform of a major of United States Field Artillery. The boots, their gloss slightly mildewed, were only a size too large for his small feet. But they were beautiful boots. He tiptoed in them; whispered martial commands at his image in a greenish pane of the casement. . . .

The long parade briskly climbed the hill of the Arc de Triomphe, the lieutenant haggard as was intended, stiff shoes galling his neglected toes, forehead sweating against his stinking tin hat. Somewhere in back of him were eight of his men, eight he had brought from overseas. The rest were gone, oh, anywhere, to hell if you like.

It was a dashing fine parade with heads up and tails over the dashboard. He could not look back pridefully, paternally. It was too fine a parade for an officer to relax his head for an instant, to turn a single degree out of the perfect alignment of heads identical with his own. Nor did he care to look back. For there should have been nine of his men. At the halt in the Place de la Concorde he had found himself checking up the eight as they leaned disconsolately, faces dulled, upon their rifles. Nine should have been there, with ninety back in the seven kinds of hell prepared for a Fourth of July moral. Nine here in the fragrance of scented women, where soft breasts brushed the lieutenant's elbow as he walked handsomely beside his right guide between shoals of women banking the channel of fresh blood. . . Scent of gloves, ribbons, silks, of violets, muguet, roses, and not a trace of salmon and phosgene and dank red earth.

The long parade was tortured past the Arc de Triomphe, moving outward towards the Bois. The lieutenant pranced to the strains of Stars and Stripes Forever, to the strains of the Marseillaise, Madelon, Over There, and Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. Gianonni seemed prancing at his heels. No need for the lieutenant to turn his head. Gianonni was there. He felt Gianonni's nearness, saw Gianonni with eyes in the back of his head.

The twisting mass of weary men streamed through avenues of green, canyons of white stucco, hordes of clacking tongues. The lieutenant grew weary, faint, bored again. He would have continued walking through eternity had he been offered the alternative to the lines. The parade halted near the Gare du Nord, a long earthworm disintegrating. Lists were checked. Officers barked. Sergeants swore. Men lifted aching feet from underneath other aching feet and cursed solid sheets of profanity. Sweat enriched the smells of them again, and the lieutenant cursed too. They were restoring his eight to him, and Gianonni was not among them.

The men limped into the station, to be parcelled back to the ninety. The lieutenant was seized with anguish. Gianonni was dead. It was certain, for he looked at the clock over the train compound and saw that its hands were at five o'clock sharp, just when Gianonni would have begun straying about the lines having awakened from a day's sleep. The lieutenant fancied that he had returned, that a sergeant had given him Gianonni's watch. The sergeant would be saying that it was stopped at five o'clock sharp by the shell which had destroyed him. The lieutenant would find Gianonni's body before it was hastily covered with a light mantle of earth. . . .

The eight and their officer crowded into a third class compartment. They unslung equipment and relaxed upon the hard boards, grotesquely woven

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into a mass of tired beasts. The eight were instantly, triumphantly asleep. The lieutenant looked out upon the station crowds. He envied the small, sprightly artillery major who, back turned to him, was conversing animatedly with a piquante blonde. The pair stood beside a carriage marked Deauville. It was evident that the officer would presently mount the carriage and be whirled with her to cool sands, blissful hours.

Suddenly the eight awoke to the sound of the lieutenant's bellow of rage. The major was leaning half out of the window of the departing Deauville train, gesticulating to the lieutenant, saluting, grimacing. The lieutenant shook his fist savagely, frantically. But he knew, no matter what the alertness of the military police of Deauville, that the services of the best runner in France were lost to him forever. Presently the nine slept, returning to the ninety, in a lurching train.

LAURENCE STALLINGS.

Secularizing a Theocracy

Young Turkey and the Caliphate

IN Shaw's St. Joan, the French ecclesiastic prophetically lists as one item in the heroine's heresy, a something that might be called nationalism: a devotion to the state which will interfere with men's loyalty to the church. Shaw was probably thinking of western Europe and the Christian Church. But the recent history of Turkey shows that his wisdom includes also the Moslems of eastern Europe. For here too the claims of religion and of the national state have met, and patriotism has proved stronger than religious sentiment. After many centuries, the story of the separation of state and church is written to the final chapter; the world's last great theocracy—if one omits Japan for the moment—has become a laicized republic.

In the United States and in western Europe the abolition of the Caliphate, the closing of the mosque schools and the assumption of the revenues of the pious Moslem foundations aroused misgivings as well as amazement. Was not the new republic going too fast? Would not the populace, faithful to religion, be alienated from political leaders capable of such a revolutionary act? Had not the Angora government lightly thrown away its greatest resource with its domestic Mohammedan population and a large, if not chief, asset in foreign politics, by cutting itself loose from its religious connection? Upon the ground, in Constantinople, perhaps the most surprising thing is the total absence of all such misgivings and queries. The move appears a simple, natural, inevitable thing. It presents itself as an integral and necessary step in the process of forming a national state after the western model. To question it would be to question the whole course of European history for the last three centuries. What has been effected in the rest of Europe is now taking place in the former Ottoman empire. That is all there is to the affair; if the change to a secular national state is final for the rest of Europe, it is as final for Turkey. It is a stage in one of those revolutions which do not go backward.

Indeed, it is this impression of the inevitability of the change which makes it somewhat difficult to start a discussion of the matter or get particular information. When there is no question there is no answer. The process of transforming an old mediæval empire into a modern national state modelled after the western pattern, is taking its sure if slow and tortuous way; there is nothing more to say. It began in the minds of educated persons years before the revolution of 1908; the granting of the Constitution was but the first outward signal of the movement. The great War, following after the other wars, has quickened the rate of change and affected the form which it has taken; fundamentally however there is but one single and continuous evolution. If the Sultanate had not engaged in treacherous dealings with the foreign powers that occupied Constantinople, the new national state might conceivably have taken the form of a constitutional monarchy instead of a republic. If the Caliphate which remained after the Sultan was deprived of political power had not become a centre of intrigues on the part of foreign powers, there might possibly have developed an innocuous connection of church and state after the model of England. But in essence the change was destined; and the events of the War, of the period of Allied occupation and the victory over Greece only determined the particular form which it assumed.

As so often happens, the domestic view of the events which have taken place is the foreign view—only precisely reversed. Outside of Turkey and among foreigners one hears the question raised whether the possession of the Caliphate by Turkey was not a potential source of strength to Turkey in northern Africa, Arabia, India and the rest of the Moslem world; whether it was not an asset in dealing with countries like France and Great Britain that have large Moslem populations which need to be placated. But all the Turks with whom I have conversed on the matter regard the connection as a liability, not an asset. It was simply a standing invitation to foreign powers to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, to use the Caliph as a catspaw in their rivalries with one another. Devotion to the Caliphate was doubtless not increased by the fact that Pan-islamism and the attempt to use leadership

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of the Moslem world as a political asset were the work of the hated tyrant Abdul Hamid; since before his day the combined Sultan-Caliph was the chief of the Mohammedan religion only in the Pickwickian sense in which the King of England is the head of the Church of England.

Something of the same sort holds good on the internal side. The progressive Turks hold that the alliance of the church and state was the stronghold of reactionary political influence. A stranger like myself is no judge of the correctness of the statement, but the history of the rest of the world hardly renders it credible. As long as the Caliph was there the Moslem teacher-preachers—they are not priests—throughout the country had a fictitious power, and were the natural agents of reactionary intrigues. In a secularized republic, they have only the prestige and influence which their personal character and intelligence wins for them. According to the accounts given me, the unholy alliance of church and state also encouraged foreign intrigue, as pressure or corruption at the top was disseminated throughout the provinces by means of the subordinate religious teachers. I have been told that during the time of occupation one foreign nation deliberately proposed that all primary education whatever should be placed and kept in the hands of the ecclesiastic teachers. I have no way of verifying this story. But the fact that it is current in Turkish quarters is significant in itself. For it contains that sense of the intimate union between foreign intrigue, reactionary intellectual and moral ideas, and the Caliphate which animates the present leaders of Turkey.

Foreigners will hardly credit the tale, but, ironic as it sounds, it is a common conviction among liberal Turks that their efforts to westernize and modernize Turkey have been constantly resisted and whenever possible thwarted by the representatives of the European powers. And it is part of this common conviction that fear lest a modernized Turkey produce a Turkish nation not subject to foreign domination, has led representatives of the western powers constantly to give their support to reactionary clergy as one of the best means of keeping Turkey ignorant, backward and consequently weak. In any case, enlightened Turks believe that just as other nations in passing from mediævalism to modernity have secularized schools and laicized the state, so must Turkey. And to them that is the whole of the matter about which westerners have made so much ado.

It is said of course that this view represents only Constantinople and the views of a small group who have been in Europe either as exiles under the whole régime or as students during the early part of the new régime. There is no doubt of the strength of the influence proceeding from France and from the anti-clericalism connected therewith. In a certain sense, the whole modern political movement in Turkey strikes one as just a belated offspring of the principles of '89. But I have found only unanimity of assertion that the peasants of the interior of Asiatic Turkey have taken the expulsion of the Caliph and the closing of the mosque schools without resentment. In part this is laid to their docility, their fatalism in the presence of any fait accompli. In part, it is said to be due to the growing realization of the futility of the instruction given in these schools; a memoriter training in reading and writing the Koran which led to nothing, save the possibility of becoming in turn a teacher of the same subjects; in part to resentment against the fact that the Caliphate was during the period of foreign occupation the tool of foreign invaders. But more generally, if also more vaguely, it is due to the fact that the succession of wars has left what remains of Turkey—for the first time in four centuries a homogenous and compact people—with a new spirit, a spirit which has touched even remote peasants. They wish above all else a free and independent Turkey; they are nationalists to the extreme; and they are convinced that a free Turkey and a modernized Turkey are one and the same.

Of course it falls at first strangely upon the ears when one is told that Turkey is not only not fanatic, but is not even very religious. A certain incredulity is evoked. But after a time one begins to wonder whether perhaps the contrary view so current in Christian lands is not a survival of ancient lore and legend combined with the exigencies of religious proselytism and political propaganda. One listens with growing respect to the calm statement by the rector of the rejuvenated national university: "There are two Turkeys; the real Turkey, and that existing in the imagination of foreigners."

And the reading of history has a tendency to convince one that the religious persecutions and massacres with which we are so tragically familiar had their origin in that baleful fusion of race, religion and politics which is the curse of the Near East, rather than in religious fanaticism pure and simple. If such be the case, the present régime in separating their own church and state and thereby acquiring the right to demand that other countries also sever their political policies from their religious beliefs and cults are taking the first effective step taken in 1200 years (since these political-racial-religious feuds long antedate the arrival of the Turk in Europe) to establish the rule of tolerance and liberty. Nationalism has its evils, but its loyalties are at least less dreadful than those of dogmatic religious differences.

When then one reads a telegraphic item from Constantinople regarding some difficulty into which some foreign school, French, Italian or American, has fallen, one should supply a context. In the first place, the Turks have the very best of reasons to be suspicious of the admixture of foreign politics and foreign religions, and in the second place, are applying to themselves the same regulations in forbidding dogmatic religious inculcations and in closing schools having a definite religious basis, which

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they apply to others. Indeed, as the government recently reminded the French, in reply to a protest regarding the closing of Catholic schools which refused to abide by the rules for strictly lay education, the French were asking for privileges for their schools in Turkey which had long been forbidden by law in France itself. This does not mean that all religious instruction is forbidden. On the contrary, the curriculum of the Turkish public schools includes for the present at least two hours a week of religious instruction in the Koran—and all foreign communities are allowed to give such religious instruction as they wish to their own co-religionists. But anything which smells even remotely of proselyting is rigorously forbidden. And if Turkish authorities made sensitive and sore by what seems to them persistent foreign favoritism to Greeks and Armenians at the expense of Turkish political independence and unity, sometimes act abruptly, it is not for a hundred percent American, or for any other nationalist, to be too quick or too loud in condemnation.

And while the Near East is the part of the world where above all others it behooves the foreigner, especially the newcomer, to listen and not have opinions and views of his own, of one thing even the transient visitor may be quite sure. Any marked change in the present régime of Turkey, other than its own natural evolution, would be a calamity from the standpoint of all those who have a philanthropic and educational interest in the country, even if they are discontented with the present situation. For it would signify an arrest of a movement which is in the direction of progress and light; it would mean a return to corruption, intrigue, ignorance, confusion, and their attendant animosities and intolerances. It would be a horrid thing if a too vivid memory of old histories led well-intentioned foreigners to withhold their sympathies from just those forces in Turkey which are bound to put an end to mediæval Turkey.

JOHN DEWEY.

Constantinople, August, 1924.

Our Professional Patriots

IV. The Patriots and the Peace Seekers

THE real motives of our professional patriots came out in black and white when the National Security League got into trouble with Congress as long ago as 1919. The National Security League shares with the National Civic Federation the patronage of that all but historical personage, Alton B. Parker. The National Civic Federation attacks individuals. The National Security League propagandizes on a more grandiose scale.

In 1919, in a valiant attempt further to secure the nation, the National Security League issued a little chart, the gist of which was to charge some three hundred members of Congress with disloyalty. Most of the three hundred seem to have been considerably annoyed and an investigation followed with ready Congressional alacrity. Congress concluded (it takes the words out of my mouth) that the League was simply a Junker organization on which, for reasons of their own, the interests usually designated as "vested" were spending a good deal of money. The Carnegie corporation had, for example, spent $100,000. Mr. Rockefeller had spent $35,000. Other contributions of size had been made by Mr. Morgan and by the Du Ponts and Guggenheims. Congress felt that it constituted "a serious menace to representative government." In those days it preached preparedness and practised politics. Nowadays it preaches saving America's soul and practises preparedness and other activities which I reserve for subsequent display. Otherwise it has not changed its essential character since the Congressional diagnosis. "Contribute to the financial sinews of war!" it cries. You look about for the war and it tells you: "If the Bolsheviki are spending over $90,000 a month in England, it can safely be assumed that they are spending over a million a year here." It retains assorted literary lights to write its patriotic leaflets. One of them, on the subject here in hand, is by Agnes Repplier.

> The necessity for universal military training in the United States is so urgent and so apparent that no class, save the large and highly irritable class of lawbreakers, should be expected to oppose it.

Be that as it may. Mr. Henry Irving Dodge defines Bolshevism in another leaflet of the same series.

> When you hear a man trying to discredit Uncle Sam, that's Bolshevism . . .
>
> When you hear a man casting discredit on the sincerity of Washington and Lincoln, that's Bolshevism . . .
>
> When a man tells you that newspaper reports of conditions in Russia are wholly false . . . that's Bolshevism.

These definitions may not be quite up to educational scratch, but there can be no doubt of their patriotism or of their congeniality to Generals Bowley and Fries.

"Misguided theorists," says the National Security League, "are encouraging Congress to keep down the army and navy to the lowest possible point. . .

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A recent statement definitely fixed 1927 as the date for the Proletarian revolution here. . . There are over fifty organizations in America with over 1,000,000 members and publishing 100 magazines and newspapers, which are working night and day to destroy everything that America stands and has stood for. . . The League, with its experience, leadership and working machinery, is fighting for you and for an America alive to its obligations and ripe for its highest destiny. . ."

Much of the League's machinery is its literature. I take only one item: Universal Military Training —A Catechism in Twelve Lessons. From the lesson on the Reason for Opposition of Universal Military Training:

> Q. Is this fear of militarism justified?
>
> A. No. Universal training is preparedness. Militarism cannot exist unless it is in the hearts of the people, of which no danger exists in our country. . .
>
> Given universal military training, where everyone is made to take his part in a national emergency, the tendency would be for the country to hesitate longer before going to war than where the defense of the country would be left, as heretofore, to the regular army and volunteers only . . .
>
> Pacifists are constitutionally opposed to a healthy resistance and assertion of a national attitude except by the method of argumentation and do not appreciate the dangers of national jealousies, antagonisms and conflicting interests. Hence they are opposed to any system of national defense and attack every proposal as a waste and an injury to the country.

From the lesson on the Democratic Qualities of Universal Military Training:

> . . . Under universal military training, the people will control their army just as they control their government . . . the place of every man in the military organization will be determined by merit and by nothing else . . .

From the lesson on the Necessity of Universal Military Training as a Matter of Individual and National Justice:

> Q. There is as much justice, then, in universal military training as there is in obligatory education?
>
> A. There is no difference. Military training is education—education of mind and body; and, to make it compulsory is merely to extend our educational system to include that knowledge which is absolutely necessary to have him ready to play his part in case of a great national emergency.

In fine, the National Security League is working "consistently to prevent the scrapping of our army and navy and to preserve the degree of preparedness consistent with our national safety and integrity." That degree is, to be sure, fixed by the League and by the War Department and not by those of us who refuse to believe in the immediate or even remote danger of Trotzky's zeppelins. It seems superfluous to point out that the support of the National Security League appears still to come from those lofty financial heights which are always to be counted upon for the most hearty, if not the most humane, Junker spirit. "Whatever you do," says the League in effect, "don't knock France. Whatever you don't do, join us in stamping out Communist-Pacifism." As Mr. W. C. Fields puts it, "It's the old army game!"

The American Defense Society is more briefly analyzed. It was founded immediately upon the sinking of the Lusitania to prepare the nation for war. Its president (honorary in "perpetuum memoriam") is Theodore Roosevelt. The chairman of its board of trustees and its active spirit is Elon Hooker, president of the Hooker Electro-Chemical Company and the hero of quite a record in gas warfare. The society stood out, in 1918, for unconditional surrender. Its intimacy with the Chemical Warfare Service has already been demonstrated. It is second to none in advocating preparedness and attacking pacifists. Except for the fact that it paid Mr. R. M. Whitney a salary, there does not seem to be anything more of consequence to say about it.

The National Civic Federation lists the same kind of patriotic interest in the personnel of its backers and directors. The National Civic Federation likes you to believe that it is supported by every form of American greatness short of deity. But its policies no less than the fortunes behind it only leave me wondering how much longer Mr. Easley will be able to put up with the almost unquestionable pacifist and Socialist tendencies of deity itself. And there you have it (the American Legion bad boyishly included)—those die-hard, cock-sure, ill-mannered patriots, scrambling out of Mr. Burns's office into General Fries's office to keep things moving before the public on behalf of their far from disinterested masters. Easley and Menken and the rest, all writing hard and working nights to help the War Department with its Defense Day and its propaganda of tommyrot, and Bowley booming like a distant and inaccurate Big Bertha from the hundred precent fastnesses of Fort Bragg, North Carolina. And all of them casting every known variety of discredit and indignity upon the still honorable profession of the soldier and upon what may well be a considerably necessary campaign to increase our military effectiveness.

Now I have no direct evidence to back up these implications concerning the disinterestedness of the patriot backers of preparedness—not an iota. I submit, however, that the gentlemen who endow Ralph Easley and Company—the comparatively small number of comparatively large subscribers, that is—could find worthier objects of charity and are too intelligent to believe the rot put forth as a return on their investment. What earthly reason can they have, then, for investing, unless they expect some one else to believe it? And why should they, for

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any good purpose, want any one else to believe it? It is at this juncture that the prodigious patriots cease to be funny and become deep—rather evilly deep, I am afraid, rather, if I may borrow a word from their own most intense moods, "sinister."

One point more—that is the fundamental fallacy of all this anti-pacifist agitation. Forgetting all its injustices and rudenesses and all its ulteriorly motivated Junkerness, it pretends one thing and does another. It pretends to get at this Slacker Pledge. It really attacks individuals and organizations which, on the whole, have no connection with any such "Tolstoyan" philosophy, no ostensible or practising interest in, no responsibility either to or for it. In vain does the National Council for the Prevention of War protest that it has never advocated "non-resistance towards those who would invade our shores," the signing of "treasonable pledges" or the "anarchistic policy of international strikes." In vain does Mr. Libby protest against the unfairness of denouncing "as unpatriotic all persons who are honestly trying to find a better way than the way of armed conflict to settle international difficulties." In vain does he insist that his speeches have persistently advocated "preparing for war if we are not going to prepare for peace."

Mr. Libby just is a Red and that's all there is to it. He can't be a Quaker without being a Red and that's all there is to that. And if his organization doesn't actively endorse the Slacker's Pledge, then Ralph Easley and Company and the War Department bring accusations of hideous hidden motives, darker even than the pledge itself. Every serious charge which Ralph Easley and Company and the War Department bring against these intelligent peace-seeking organizations is repeatedly disproven and yet Ralph Easley and Company drive right along regardless. And the War Department stops purely educational speeches and Ralph Easley passes Mr. Libby's private correspondence on to the Kentucky Manufacturers' Association to give it an additional kink of misinterpreted publicity. They just can't keep the wheat from the tares. Perhaps that is because they don't quite know the tares when they see them. Wherefor, and for Mr. Easley's benefit, I propose to list the tares, and with them, Mr. Easley's running comments upon them.

As I see it, pacifism is open to patriotic arraignment, not for its educational propaganda but for its avowed intention where intention is avowed. As I see it, intention is avowed, not in one definite philosophy of non-resistance, but generally according to three quite separate impulses.

The first is the abstract position taken by the National League of Women Voters and by the proposed Outlawry of War Amendment to the effect that:

"War should be declared a crime and outlawed as such."

Of which, says Mr. Easley:

> If war is a crime, then everyone who rallies to the defense of his country in time of national peril is a criminal and the place for a criminal is either in jail or on the scaffold. We are sure however that the organization does not mean what its declaration implies.

The second is the famous Slacker's Pledge which was signed by 1800 men and women at one New York meeting under the auspices of the World Peace Fellowship. It reads:

> Believing that all war is wrong and that the arming of the nations, whether by land or sea or air, is treason to the spiritual unity and intelligence of mankind, I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether it be by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service.

Of that, says Mr. Easley:

> We, in the United States, seem to be fighting alone the battle against the Red-ism of the world. If the flood of propaganda against patriotism continues unchecked, its effect will surely be the undermining of our national virility and the extending of an invitation to the bandits of the world "to come and help themselves." . . The question before us today is: Shall we shrink from the great task which lies before us? No, a hundred times no—unless we are utterly faithless to our children, to our children's children, and "to those who sleep in Flanders fields."

The third impulse is the impulse of the self-determining, "anarchistic" individual.

> Organize a peace party throughout your country . . . Let the sound of your disapprobation be loud and deep . . . Let there be no volunteers except for defensive war.

This might almost have come from the Third Internationale, but Mr. Easley makes no comment upon its defiant phrases. He was not yet at a commenting age at the time the Massachusetts House of Representatives spat it forth in the face of President Madison. And yet our national virility has survived quite some crises since those days when Josiah Quincy stampeded the Massachusetts Senate away from commending the heroism of "Don't Give Up the Ship" Lawrence on the grounds that, "in a war like the present, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military and naval exploits." And Salem, that patriotic city, refused to countenance Lawrence's burial. One likes to know that pacifism is, for us, at least, almost as venerable as virility.

You cannot laugh preparedness off: you cannot frown pacifism down. You cannot do either because you can never get rid of any fact by denying it. And better people than Ralph Easley have been pacifists and just as good people as Jane Addams have been

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soldiers. But Easley has his test of Americanism which satisfies him and his public.

> Knowing all the horrors which occurred during and since the World War, would we, if confronted with the same situation that we faced in 1917, hesitate for one moment to do just what we did then?

Mr. Easley says not. Perhaps Mr. Easley would not. I believe that the country would, that you could not add the experience and the disillusionment of any war to the cause without thereby proving that the cause is not worth fighting for as most causes certainly are not. Mr. Easley's test is quite evidently tosh, but I propose to answer it with something of a counter-proposition for which I assume full responsibility. And I do not do this because Mr. Libby quite properly ignored Mr. Easley's test when it was presented to him for answer, but because I want to confirm the darkest suspicions of any militant patriot who happens to have read so far in these articles.

This is my proposition which I make after six years' reflection upon a war experience which in no wise deviated from the average. I would not sign any pledge which bound me, in case of war, to either defiance or obedience. I can see no good in any such pledge because war can develop only as the culmination of circumstances too special to be approached by any but an open mind. I cannot today imagine the circumstances under which I would again fight for this or for any other country. I am fairly certain that I would never fight either to further or to oppose a social revolution. I believe all wars to be wrong, and I believe all wars to be evitable, and I believe that the primary duty of a government, and particularly of a representative government, is to protect its people from war. And I believe that the representative government which fails of this protection breaks the contract between its people and itself, and that the declaration of war constitutes so tremendous a betrayal of trust as to absolve the people from any further obligation to allegiance or obedience and to leave them in a position, not of prescribed loyalty but of prescribed scepticism, free of any duty other than to think for themselves in order to decide what, to them as individuals and as citizens of a betrayed nation, may seem the wisest, the most righteous and necessary course to pursue.

At which point Preparedness Day is upon us. Some millions of men will go and report, and I believe there are to be some parades. I think the states or cities are left to decide for themselves whether or not they will make a holiday of September 12. After you have reported you may, presumably, return to your work.

Neither as an annoyance or an observance does Preparedness Day of itself much matter. It does matter, however, from one or two rather more profound angles.

Out of deference to the revolution as patriotically scheduled—to the zeppelins which are tugging at their Russian moorings—it has been re-christened National Defense Day or something of the sort and advertised as an experiment to prove how quickly we could get our maximum fighting force under the colors. It isn't that, of course. It's an army gesture to atone for the pretty thorough falling down of the post-war reserve organization and to make the members of the reserve feel the mailed fist at the minimum of official expense and trouble.

Also, it's been called patriotic. In what spirit, I wonder, will those hundreds of thousands of candidates for glory report? Will a disinterested love of country enflame them? Or will they go jokingly and carelessly, or with a half eager eye to the next war?

Not much, if any, of the first, I'm afraid—for all the army may say to the contrary, the real and human patriotism doesn't express itself in Preparedness Days. My guess is that the reactions will fall pretty evenly into the last two categories. "It was a good war while it lasted" and "what the hell!"

Is the army aiming to prove that the population can be militarized upon the blowing of a whistle? Or is the army reaching toward compulsory military training? Or is the army trying to find out how much the people have fallen away from it and how far they have gone beyond its little pomposities of "from, to and subject?" Or is the army trying to convince itself that there is nothing in the radical menace? Or is the army trying to prove to the country that there is everything in the radical menace?

I cannot think of anything which the army could possibly have in mind which September 12 can possibly satisfy. Still, if you boil all this down to its one impending demonstration, what is the residuum? Let all this heretic hunting and patriotic anathemizing, sincere or venal, embody itself in Defense Day, and what have you to show? A spectacle which is tragic, pathetic or triumphal as your own particular philosophy may direct your vision of it. A spectacle which is quite definite however you regard it.

In its broadest significance, Defense Day is to be greeted with cheers by those who profess faith in the liberal destiny of this country. For Defense Day presents the picture (for us, probably, only the first of a series of such pictures) of an obsolete military conviction struggling, not to impose itself upon a race for the race's salvation, but rather to preserve itself from the ruthless and inevitable consequences of the race's progress. It has been said that the European War cost our army its prestige among our people. In view of the defiant attitude which, in self defense, the army has lately assumed, the more credible fact is that the War hastened a good riddance which was already well toward in 1914. It is a fine and sonorous thing to shout about the military salvation of our national

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virility, but the truth is that the advance of civilization always discards the military spirit. And the truth of Defense Day lies in the recognition, by a pompous yet hangdog army, of the fact that it has irretrievably lost caste. The army may shout of "the thrill that lasts a life time," but an advancing civilization will turn an increasingly deaf ear even to the army's most substantial predictions of disaster to come.

I have been reading Fred R. Marvin again. He is after all the non-pareil of militant patriots. His favorite statement, now, which "he always likes to make" (I tried it on a small boy and he laughed—actually laughed) is:

> This is my country; mine. From the waving palms of Florida to the stately pines of Washington, this is my country. From the towering statue of Liberty to the sun-kissed Golden Gate, this is my country, and I love it. From the deserts of Arizona to the snowy hills of Maine, this is my country, *mine*, and I am going to stick with it and *fight* for it from hell to breakfast.

You wonder why I quote it? Because we have got to the strange point of classing it as bunk. Not that we wouldn't do as much or feel as much as Mr. Marvin. But differently. Mr. Marvin's patriotism, the old fashioned Southern Gentleman patriotism, the army patriotism—they are, all of them, old fashioned, gone, oddly, and sadly, too, I think, ridiculous. It is a pity, as in a sense, all progress is a pity. There is no preserving patriotism from war, or war from peace, or peace from decadence. These things are—and a year of Defense Days will not make them less so.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(This is the fourth of a series of articles, of which the fifth will appear in an early issue.)

CORRESPONDENCE

A Non-Socialist Doctrine

SIR: Kirsopp Lake's review in your issue of June 25, 1924, of Norman's Conscientious Objectors in America suggests an interesting turn in the political philosophy of the last decade. Current conflicts are always causing, it seems, the reconsideration of fundamental attitudes and theories. But economic struggles are now sharing their former monopoly of attention with the multitude of issues growing out of the clash of cultures; and the crossing of these sets of issues is producing some curious paradoxes.

One such paradox Professor Lake finds in the acceptance by many liberals of an individualistic theory of the state when thinking of the issues of cultural, social, and intellectual freedom and the advocacy by the same persons of a contrary theory when actuated by considerations of the rivalry of economic classes. Doubtless many minds do harbor these logically irreconcilable concepts. But I think one could be a Socialist—though I am not—and also an individualist without inconsistency. In fact, do not Socialists generally aim at the protection of the economic freedom of the individual from the encroachments of capitalism through the instrumentality of the group either as state or under some other name? For them, as for most other folks, "group welfare" has no meaning except in terms of individuals. The highly speculative alternative, the idea of a group personality and purpose in the literal sense, is by no means a Socialist, near-Socialist, or neo-liberal doctrine.

HOMER FOSTER.

Anaheim, Cal.

India and Opium

SIR: May I add a few facts to the very excellent editorial, Opium: A Test of the League? The Geneva Conference will likely mark a very real crisis in this fight for the limitations of poppy production to the "scientific and medicinal needs of the world," and all the cards should be on the table.

First, let it be realized that it is the considered opinion of both English and American opponents of this vicious traffic that this fall conference was slated for Geneva rather than London to limit publicity. To one who knows the possibilities (?) of the former city, this deduction can hardly be gainsaid. This gives support (and here is fact number two that, for constructive reasons, ought fully to be understood) to the statement made by Miss Ellen La Motte in an article used last December by Foreign Affairs (London) to the effect that the proceedings at the Geneva conference, a year ago, placed Great Britain in the position of being the nation that stood out alone as an obstructionist force in this fight to stop the poisoning of a world.

Mr. C. F. Andrews writes me from Penang, where he was studying the local situation re opium, that he plans to be present at Geneva. As one who knows the Indian side of this matter let me say that Mr. Andrews will be the first man for many years to speak the mind of the real India relative to this problem. Srinirasa Sastri, who has spoken prominently for India in days past, admitted to Mr. Andrews (and this has gone on record in India) that he had "no idea" of the real facts and that he had "taken the word of the British" on the subject. Incidentally he expressed his horror over the facts presented by Mr. Andrews.

BLANCHE WATSON.

Woodstock, N. Y.

Babbittry Must Be Defeated

SIR: I wish to commend the articles appearing in your magazine on personalities in American political life. They gave me much pleasure and much information which I lacked.

Speaking of political personalities, is there any one who is more of an anomaly in this twentieth century than William Jennings Bryan? In the New York convention he was able to stampede many delegates for McAdoo by a speech, during the course of which he was booed and hissed. As Heywood Broun has said, Bryan has viewed himself in the light of a Messiah in the midst of a chosen race. Yet he has always underrated the intelligence of the American people, and has debased himself to gain the earshot of the average moron by his views on evolution. He is a male Mrs. Bogart, the religious hypocrite in Main Street, forgiving, as he does, the corrupted tresspassers on the old ground and excoriating those who venture on dangerous ground with intelligent viewpoints. It is high time for this country to arouse itself and free our life from such guardians of the public morals and mind as Mr. Bryan, on one hand, and such openly-acknowledged plunderers of their credulity as Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny. Babbittry must be defeated if we are to continue on a sane course.

ROBERT E. KEEFE.

Everett, Mass.

Bootlegging for the Jobless Woman

SIR: A person of independent means, in good health and free to do as she pleases, must be of poor mental calibre if she can't find something to occupy her mind, so why all this discussion of Mrs. Wholey's middle-aged woman friend? If she wants a life of strenuous activity, there are plenty of fields open, such as bootlegging, or if she is against such things she can join the righteous hosts who crusade against it.

Z ALEXANDER.

San Diego, Cal.

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More Birrelling

More Obiter Dicta, by Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

LORD ROSEBERY once delivered an address which, following the accepted formula, began: "Bookishness and statesmanship are, one would think, scarcely compatible. Nothing indeed could seem more discordant and incompatible than the life of the library and the life of politics"; and continued by presenting exceptions to this rule, from Carteret and Chesterfield to Gladstone and, by implication, himself. He might have added several more names from among his immediate political contemporaries, Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, John Morley and Augustine Birrell. The last indeed would seem an exceptionally good case, for without a compelling vocation to either literature or politics he was, at the time Lord Rosebery was speaking, making an initial success at both, while maintaining a steady progress at the bar. Undoubtedly the English like a certain literary plumage as decoration to a political reputation, and Augustine Birrell's thin and early volumes of essays, Obiter Dicta, helped to put him into Parliament in 1889. He continued to practice politics and pursue literature. In 1900 he dropped out of Parliament in the khaki election, but in the revival of the Liberal Party he took a leading part, being president of the National Liberal Federation in 1904-5. With the return of his party to power he entered the ministry of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as President of the Board of Education; and on the reconstruction under Asquith he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Here, like so many Englishmen before him, he honestly and earnestly sought to conciliate Ireland by giving her what she did not want. The revolution of Dublin Green in 1916 put an end to his statesmanship. Two years later he left Parliament, on the occasion of another khaki election. Now comes More Obiter Dicta, made up of writings contributed to magazines between 1890 and 1922, as reminder of the fact that through his strenuous years of government Mr. Birrell continued his bookishness.

The first Obiter Dicta, which appeared in 1884, owed their success to the light, informal, discursive manner of their saying. English criticism of that day was a somewhat pontifical affair, with Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater and Walter Bagehot and Leslie Stephen. No one would have suspected that Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm and Bernard Shaw were just around the corner. So Obiter Dicta were enjoyed by palates refined, and not yet corrupted by too highly seasoned food. They added a word to the English vocabulary of that day. To birrell was to talk lightly, easily, pleasantly, about familiar things, dissimulating pedantry and excluding malice—almost the exact equivalent of the Harvard term, to drool. And Birrell's talk flowed brightly and persistently on, deepening about such rocks as Milton and Carlyle, playing gaily over such diverse substances as Lamb, Benvenuto Cellini, Hazlitt, Pope, Johnson, Borrow, Wesley, and Richardson, and rippling into a momentary rapid at Brander Matthews's silly literary chauvinism.

This gentle flow is continued in the new volume. Here it is easy to see the trend of Mr. Birrell's interests. A Cambridge man, he is always a little intrigued by Newman and the Oxford Movement. It is well enough to begin by asserting "There are men to be found in these days—bold, bad men no doubt—ready to declare they have heard enough of the Oxford Movement; that they resent as affected and overdone the reverential attitude it has become traditional to assume towards it; . . . that it has long since spent itself out, and deserves to be forgotten." But Mr. Birrell still flutters about the flame of Newman. He is preoccupied with Scotch affairs, even very minor ones, like Miss Susan Ferrier and Sir Walter Scott's legal decisions as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. He is above all interested in biography, which is always the basis of his criticism. He looks waggishly but wistfully at the new model of Mr. Lytton Strachey. "How did Mr. Strachey select his menagerie, his caged animals, whom he attacks upon the flank or the rear, sometimes shooting searchlights into their obscure recesses, and sometimes squirting his ironical humor over them through the bars?" But so far is Mr. Birrell from being unpleasant to any one that though he refers to the story of General Gordon, "with its searching lights upon the 'obscure recesses' of the characters of Lord Cromer, Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone," he does not offer to cast any light of his own on obscurities of character with which he must have been somewhat familiar. But though eschewing malice himself, he recognizes its place in the biographical art. Of the Life of Nollekens, by John Thomas Smith he remarks: "The book takes high rank among the spiteful biographies, and it is to pass a harsh verdict upon that odd compound, human nature, to have to admit that spitefulness is a better quality in a biographer, from the biographer's point of view, than an amiable uncritical effusiveness."

His first essay, Anti-Humbug, is an appreciation of Sir Leslie Stephen, lord paramount of the realm of biography; and the particular quality which he singles out for appreciation is Stephen's realistic view of the value of the lives which he so actively commemorated, and his refusal to delude himself as to the value of his own performance.

In this volume Mr. Birrell strays farther from the beaten highroad than in his earlier ones and returns with a few genuine finds. One of these is Sir Charles Harding K. C. B. who fills a niche among Victorian gentleman adventurers. Another is John Chamberlain, whose correspondence covers the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Another is Arthur Hall, the first translator of Homer into English—out of the not original French.

The last and longest essay is on Chateaubriand, another literary statesman. Here Mr. Birrell attempts something like genuine interpretation, and his comment has a touch of anticipatory pathos—the essay was written in 1902.

> He was, he often reminds his readers, a man of affairs, a most travelled thane, a Foreign Minister, an ambassador, an orator, and an aristocrat who was at once alive to the sovereignty of the people, the greatness of France, the freedom of the Press, the charm of religion, and the sanctity of the monarchical idea. Yet at the bottom of his heart Chateaubriand knew perfectly well that he could no more rule France than he could have written one of Molière's comedies. He was well qualified to play many parts, but he had nothing of the soldier in his composition, and was far happier scribbling his memories in a travelling-carriage than ever he would have been on a field of battle.

But the easy flow of Mr. Birrell's discursive mind carries him away from such sad stories of the death of

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kings. After quoting Chateaubriand's magnificent diatribe against the betrayers and deserters of Napoleon he is reminded how often Milton's line has helped give expression to similar emotions.

Owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;

and this leads to a suggestion that the blind Maeonides owes an apology to the last named species, and this is followed by a recognition of the exigencies of rhyme.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Labor Before the Civil War

The Industrial Worker, 1840-1860, by Norman Ware. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE roots of our contemporary social problems lie in the past. If history has failed to explain the origin and the course of processes in the economic and industrial development of the United States, it is because history writing in this field has not yielded the materials for sound and intelligible interpretation. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find another century in the world's history so rich in the variety of its industrial events as the last one hundred years in this country. To describe alone the effects of the incessant impact on the country of masses of immigrants, of the discovery and exploitation of resources on a scale hitherto beyond the dream of man, of the succession of industrial revolutions which make the observations on the division of labor of Adam Smith and Charles Dobbage pale into insignificance, and of the social-political consequences of these and other forces, is a task to test the mettle of the most skilled of scholars. The illumination of these processes of American economic history and their welding into a synthetic tale requires not only painstaking grubbing after detail, but even more the courageous use of imagination, bold hypothesis, and even a bit of guessing. Conclusions so achieved may turn out to be inaccurate, but they will produce ideas and understanding incomparably more fruitful than the arid labors of the past. In this modest little book on the rise of industrialism and the labor movement in the period immediately preceding the Civil War, Mr. Norman Ware, professor in the municipal University of Louisville, has applied to a small segment of economic history the method which, in this case at least, raises real problems and throws light upon them. He comes close to doing for a brief phase of American labor history what the Hammonds did much more elaborately and, of course, with greater literary charm for the early history of English labor. But if Mr. Ware writes not so well, his writing is also less dominated by a thesis.

"The period 1840 to 1850 in American history," writes Mr. Ware, "has been regarded almost exclusively from the standpoint of the slavery issue; so exclusively in fact, as to obscure social and industrial upheavals remarkable alike for their vitality and resource." On the description of these upheavals he brings to bear a careful selection of contemporary documents, with which he reconstructs the elements in the rise of the factory system in this country and in the reaction to this changing industrial situation of workingmen's and reformists' movements. Throughout the author writes with vigor and with refreshing freedom from traditional viewpoints. His statistical materials, while naturally sparse and on the whole unconvincing, show every evidence of critical examination.

In place of the usual theoretical discussion of the appearance of industrialism and the rise of the factory system, this book describes factories, the tactics of factory owners, the composition of the changing groups of factory workers, and the working conditions which, first as individuals and later as members of trade unions, factory workers sought to improve for their own benefit. On this background organized labor appears as an agency for the redress of simple but fundamental grievances. By the fifties the labor movement had ceased to be tail to the kite of reformist movements; it had "achieved the emancipation of the worker from the traditions of 'community of interest' between employer and employed; the explicit acceptance of his trade status; the limitation of his purposes; and a compacted form of organization suitable to aggressive action." Trade unions had, in other words, begun that movement, which they have pursued faithfully ever since, to raise wages, reduce the number of hours, and to win for their members a more independent status in industry. However much they may have been temporarily beguiled by the magnificent programs of Owen, Greeley and others, their first and lasting concern was with the payment of wages from $5 to $10 a week, with prevailing work-days more than 14 hours long, and with a status which enabled the Crompton Mills in 1843 to post with impunity notices of this kind:

> Those employed at these mills and works will take notice that a store is kept for their accommodation, . . . and it is expected that all will draw their goods from said store. Those who do not are informed that there are plenty of others who would be glad to take their places at less wages.

Particularly significant in this chronicle of two decades are the records of the beginnings of the New England textile industry, which to this day is the seat of all that is reactionary in industrial relations. In 1847 the Nashua Corporation of New Hampshire forced its employees to sign individual contracts nullifying the ten hour law which three days later became effective in that state. The Company "paper" still used for widespread propaganda in American industry, contained in 1848 this choice morsel on the "Duties and Rights of Mill Girls" from the pen of a Miss Farley: "Let me not be misunderstood. I dislike heartily the long hours system in families and in corporations, but I have a joyful faith in the corporations. . . . I have no doubt that, in their own good time, they will introduce the ten-hour system, and will not this be a noble deed?—A noble deed!" Again she felt that "all the diseases and inconveniences of factory communities do not spring from the inherent corruptions of the factory system, but that, on the contrary, the greater part of them proceed directly and indirectly from a neglect on the part of the operatives themselves. . . ." Those who have followed recent controversies over the decay of the textile industry in Fall River should be interested to find in contemporary comment on the early textile industry in Massachusetts that "Nepotism, the invariable offspring of autocracy, appeared. Instead of promoting the technicians in the mills, 'the son, son-in-law, nephew or relative of some director who in turn allows other directors to put their dependents in good positions also,' was given advancement."

Concerning the relations of the reform and labor movements of this period, Mr. Ware protests vigorously against the conception that the labor movement was a mere tool of reformers. "It is necessary to insist," he says,

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"that the labor movement was a reality and not simply a bogey erected by the reformers to promote their own ends. It existed in the numerous strikes, in ephemeral organizations, in an equally ephemeral press largely in protests." The whole contribution of the intellectuals to the labor movement he rates low in his scale of values. To him it was unfortunate "for the working class movement of the forties," that "the intellectuals were always attempting to use them to advance their own plans." Of George Evans he writes that he was "the most rigid doctrinaire of a period of doctrinaires" and the "Evans's chief interest in the working-class movements of his time was to tie them to his programme." Horace Greeley he regards as a "staunch conservative" to whom "the radical factor in the situation was the new industrial regime"; and Albert Brisbane is described as "an American intellectual with no direct experience of industrial conditions or communities . . ." Harsh as these strictures may seem, they are without question timely. For from a critical approach to the problem, like this of Mr. Ware, there may perhaps come a fresh evaluation of the resources and potency of working class ideas.

LEO WOLMAN.

Caxton's Ovyde

Ovyde, hys Booke of Methamorphose, Books X.-XV. Translated by William Caxton. Newly Printed from the M S. in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Edited by Stephen Gaselee and H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Oxford: Blackwell, for the Shakespeare Head Press. £3 3s.

LET us assume, for the sake of convenience, that there are three types of translation. There is the translation into a language whose whole habit of thought and expression so closely fits the temper of the original that nothing or little is lost in the process; such is the translation of Shakespeare into German. There is the translation into a language which no amount of ingenuity can convert into a mould fit to reproduce the shape of the original; in this type, as no one who has read the Bible in French or Dostoevsky in Italian can fail to agree, everything is lost and nothing substituted. Then there is the third type, in which the original frankly does not figure at all, but in the place of which is set something so authentic that we are enriched by the possession of a second, new, and separate work of art where only one stood before; such are Urquhart's Rabelais and Caxton's Ovid.

Reading Ovid in Caxton's English is like reading Pope in mediaeval French—if so wild an anachronism may be imagined. It is delightful, but it is not Ovid. It is delightful, for instance, to read of Galathee, "how she was despucelled by a Gyante," or of "the ravysshement of Dame Helayne by Parys," but it is not Ovid. Nor is the discrepancy the merely superficial one of orthography or phraseology. This alone might invest Caxton's work for us with a quaintness and naïveté, charming, but quite fortuitous. The difference is deeper than that. It is the difference in temperament between two men and two ages. Ovid was at his best an accomplished and rhetorical poet, and at his worst a small, querulous, disgruntled, sycophantic person; Caxton a man of broad humor, living in a country whose language was in the making. The Metamorphoses in Caxton's hands became the fables of mediæval romance; the princes of Troy might have sat at the Round Table; the landscape becomes the landscape of England, as when he speaks of a "swete wynd among rosyers, and a lytil broke of water sourdeth, whych renneth and murmureth upon the gravell that it resowneth forto gyve appetyte to slepe"; so Shakespeare set his "Midsummer Night's Dream" in *a wood near Athens*, but though we are convinced by the wood, which is any wood where we ever picked bluebells, of the neighborhood of Athens we are not convinced at all. This nothern air, this procession romantic as a Gothic tapestry, this mystifying of the sharp and polished Roman sophistication into the poetic credulity of the English fifteenth century, is too subtle for exact definition; it simply pervades Caxton's book as a scent, until we feel that he believed in Ovid's stories far more than ever Ovid did himself. What was for Ovid a cultured exercise was for Caxton a half-frightened and wholly enchanting dream. Not that Caxton was in any way a mystic. He was a plain, humorous, and practical printer of London. But he was also an Englishman who came very near to being a poet, and so for him, as for the child, there was always just the bare possibility that the story might, after all, be true.

Moreover, in reading Ovid through Caxton's pen we are reading him not at second, but at third hand. It seems fairly certain, from internal evidence, that Caxton made his translation not direct from the Latin, but from the French version, or at least the "direct ancestor" of the French version, printed in 1484 by Colard Mansion or Jean Gossin. Mr. Stephen Gaselee raises, and I think proves, the point in his introduction to the present edition, going so far as to argue that Caxton never so much as glanced into the original Latin. It is probable that had we Caxton's complete translation of the fifteen books, instead of only Books X. to XV., we should have also the preface with which he was accustomed to introduce his publications, and that this would once and for all settle the questions. But as we have neither the first nine books nor the conjectural preface we can only go on the assumption that we are here three-deep in authors. This assumption is strongly supported. In the first place, there is the fact that the several departures from the Latin text occur in the French translation of 1848 and in Caxton; in the second place, there is the fact that the same mistakes in proper names and genders are found both in the French and in Caxton. Less convincing, certainly, but still interesting, is the quantity of French words peppered about the English pages. Caxton himself is not very sure of their probity, but usually supplements them with an English equivalent; thus he has "herbes verdoyeng or wexyng grene," "symplesse and unwetyng," "rendre and gyve"; he is anxious, evidently, that his readers should not think him unduly orguyllous or prowd of his scholarship.

The edition, admirably produced by Mr. Blackwell for the Shakespeare Head Press, is edited by Mr. Stephen Gaselee and Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, both of whom contribute an introduction. Mr. Gaselee's deals mainly with dates and typography; Mr. Brett-Smith's is the longer, and is a model of what a preface can provide in the way of sympathetic understanding, imaginative insight, and learning without pedantry. I think that the book might have been benefited by the addition of a short glossary, but for the production and manner of editing one can have nothing but praise. It is certainly a volume which should figure at any international exhibition of book production as an example of what modern British printing can achieve.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

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A Dark Genius

Black Bryony, by T. F. Powys. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

Mark Only, by T. F. Powys. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

WHEN art holds the mirror up to nature it performs a more complicated and worthy task than the mere visual reflection of the external world. Realism isn't an end in itself like the trick wrought by the windowed mechanism of the camera. It is a process to a new vision wherein the shape and color of human action, the contours of sea and land and sky, appear as final illusions in a mirror much as a well holds the images of the stars. In art we aren't looking at men and women, but at shadows sustained in the depth of a mirror like enduring appearances after the human scene which cast the shadows (or suggested to the sorcerer that shadows might be cast or created) is done with the end of the scene. Considered without reference to their use in art, the man plowing the field, the woman betrayed in love, the child tormenting an animal exist as ends in themselves and for their own life and purpose. Once they go into the frame of art they take on new life and are to be interpreted as visions inseparable from the mirror which contains their being.

To spend long hours arguing about the probable "truth" of Mr. T. F. Powys's representation of peasant life in Black Bryony and Mark Only would only cloud our understanding of the peculiar nature of his genius. It would be too much like disputing the artistic veracity of Defoe's Journal of the plague year because Defoe spent the plague year a hundred miles away from London. Black Bryony and Mark Only exist as works of art quite independent of the fact that Mr. Powys does actually live in a village. For all the rest of us know, these mentally decayed clergymen, half-witted old women, obscene peasants, drunken malicious oafs, heartless seducers, blundering plowmen, and easily betrayed servant maids may inhabit the flesh and substance of an English outland hamlet. American fiction, however, has gone in so robustly for jolly rustics and good-hearted Cape Cod fishermen and samaritan farmers that many readers will protest against the images distorted (so they will aver) by the mirror of Mr. Powys's own dark temperament. Any such issue would take nothing from the curious distinction of Black Bryony and Mark Only. In being himself alone Mr. Powys proves his genius. After all, the mind interprets life only as the structure of the individual brain decrees that the mind shall interpret. The eyes behold the vision of their own understanding. Mr. Powys's art has nothing to do with that realism which has been defined as Caliban's rage at seeing his own face in the glass.

The absence of dull conscientious realism shows itself best in the speech with whose prose rhythms Mr. Powys endows his rustics. Flawed grammar is the natural speech of peasants, but no peasants ever spoke the rhythm and poetry and intense beauty employed on all occasions by the peasant Mark Only. " 'Tis they boys that be coming, 'tis only they simple boys. There bain't nor dogs wi' 'em. 'Tis a loud noise that they boys do make, a footed noise. There bain't nor dogs wi' 'em, I do hope. But all 'same, they wicked hunting-dogs be still alive in village. They do patter and follow when there be folk to die. Hill be the place for I, hill be safe from the dogs, 'tis only they crying birds that do come."

The accent of Mr. Powys's own speech takes on the very stuff of a high and terrible poetry. "The vegetable planted by God must grow. Out of the deep weedy bottom of the sea it must grow. In the mud of the far past, in the mud of the far future, it must grow. There can be no end to its growing. Everywhere the green plants grew and their roots clung to the earth. Now it all clung living, and, a little later, clung, dying, and under it all there were the little maggots. . . . In the dim mist that shrouded the village hovels there were shadows moving, shadows made of the denser part of the mire of time, shadows that are the thick sediment at the bottom of the great pool of waters that is called God."

A plot torn from its texture and enfoldment of art conveys very little impression of the atmosphere and tone of the story wherein it appears. The actual "plots" of Black Bryony and Mark Only might come from any ten-cent village melodrama just as the screen versions of Tess and Victory made the great originals into ninety-eight cents (plus war tax) moving picture melodramas. The plots move in the style and are invested in the temperament of the author. Put down like a summary of the external acts in Black Bryony and Mark Only it sounds so much like a bad dream! Girls are seduced by bloody-minded wastrels, cats and birds are shot and tortured, old women knit while they babble idiots' tales, curates see nature through a haze of illusory visions, wives behold God as a transcendent household account nicely balanced in shillings, a salvation army lass seduces men that she may charge them with desire black as the poisonous black bryony whose leaves she kisses in an ecstacy of abandonment to sin, villagers go about in deeds of cruelty and lust. It is a fearful world steeped in its own profound beauty and terror. It is shadowed in an obscene vegetable proliferation and a corrupt radiancy, in an overpowering wonder of growth and decay, desire and passion, slime and worm and lovers' bodies locked in a perfidious embrace under the cold globe of the moon.

A. Donald Douglas.

History Briefs

Wonders of the Past: The Romance of Antiquity and its Splendors. Edited by J. A. Hamerton; with more than 1000 illustrations including many full page plates in colors. Four columns; Vol. V. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00 each volume.

THIS delightful book is not be confused with a similar series in the same format and by the same publishers. All the articles in this volume are signed, and many of them are written by distinguished specialists, who contrive to pop a pellet of information into the open mouth of wonder. The ruin of Timgad *is* marvelous; and the rose-red city of Petra looms as mysteriously as any domain that Lord Dunsany has written of; moreover, a glimpse of the physical remains of Thebes, Nineveh or Pompeii inevitably tends to create a feeling of historiacl perspective even in a mind that reads for shock and stimulus alone. Palace and tomb and temple and city are strewn through these pages as chaotically as their ruins are scattered about the map; but the result is impressive

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and interesting for all that. Such a wonderbook as this recalls Walt Whitman's dictum: "let facts and history be properly told: there is no need for romance!"

L. M.

Social Struggles in Antiquity, by M. Beer. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.50.

BEER is probably a socialist, but he does not write like one. He reviews the class struggle of ancient times as a scholar and historian, without prejudice and without passion. He deals with economic revolt in Palestine, Greece, Rome and the culmination of that revolt in primitive Christianity. He also gives rather particular attention to the various communist experiments which came to birth during these turbulent years— the remarkable colony of the Essenes in Judea, the communism of Sparta under Lycurgus and his followers, the revolt of Sparticus and his economic administration in lower Italy, the communism of early Christianity. As one reads, one detects a reasonably well defined cycle. The emergence from the quasi-communism of the primitive tribe. The growth of cities, trade, metal working, and the division of labor. The establishment of gold and silver currency, and the creation of an increasingly elaborate system of property rights. Follows the gradual enslavement of the poor by the rich, interrupted with agitation for the cancellation of debts, and the redistribution of land—the poets of revolt crystalizing the agitation in a vision of return to the Golden Age, the good old days when land was free, and "work was still done for it own sake, and its result was blessed." Sometimes the vision took itself out in pious hope, sometimes in legislation wrung from reluctant property holders, sometimes in fire and the sword. But sooner or later, complex systems of property ended by committing hari-kari. I wish somebody would devote himself exclusively and exhaustively to the reaction of the mores of property on human nature. Have earlier civilizations persistently exceeded the saturation point; is Western civilization on the way to exceed it; and where does that saturation point lie?

S. C.

Journal of First Voyage to America, by Christopher Columbus; with an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

IT is fitting that the American Libracy, which purposes to revive the more neglected tracts of American literature, should begin its career with the hitherto obscure Journal of Columbus's discovery. This is one of those essential documents that epitomize a whole era in history, and if it is not an original work of American literature, it is at any rate a sort of spiritual godfather. Comment is really superflous on a book which should be our common possesion.

L. M.

The Freedom of the Seas in History, Law, and Politics, by Pitman B. Potter. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THIS is the record of a debate now three hundred years old between Selden and Grotius, on whether it is true that "the sea hath no king but God alone." Dr. Potter examines the sources, traces the development of the controversy in all its modern aspects up to the Washington Conference, and concludes that the permanent soluiton of the problem lies with the League of Nations.

The book has flowered somewhat ingenuously out of a doctoral dissertation. As a contribution to scholarship it is lacking. There are many misprints, the references are sometimes grotesquely wrong, the historical information is at second hand, the bibliography is too general and too indiscriminate to be of much utility. The author's analysis of law is not particularly thorough. But the book's value lies in what is least doctoral about it, in the prompt and emphatic recognition of the fact that "freedom of the seas" is a meaningless phrase behind which nations with weak navies have sought to check the rapacity of nations with strong ones.

Will the League check it? Dr. Potter's very last conclusion is that full freedom of the seas is impossible as long as wars continue to be fought. Obviously therefore when the nations will not learn war any more, the seas will be free. But by that time, a great many desirable things will have happened, not the least of which, perhaps, being the coming of the Coqcigrues.

M. R.

The Fabric of Europe, by Harold Stannard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

RICH in thought and richer still in metaphor and historic allusion, this readable volume offers some interesting academic philosophizing as to the causes and consequences of the World War. Who Mr. Stannard is we do not know, further than his own description of himself as "Sometime Scholar of Christ Church," and the publisher's statement that during the War he was in the Intelligence Branch of the War Office, but that owing to bad health he has had to live most of the time outside England, a circumstance which, with his knowledge of language, has contributed to his understanding of continental feeling. His admiration of nationalism and the French Revolution, his dislike of Bolschevism, and his severity on German Kultur lead one to suspect that not a little of his residence abroad has been passed in sunny France. Yet it would be unfair to imply that he is altogether Gallic in his attitude. He admits that the Slav is partly responsible for the War, and that much of the Versailles Treaty is unworkable. He has read widely, appeals to the influence of Darwinian evolution, and cites historical precedent from Alexander the Great to Mustapha Kemal. He regards what Palmerston called "the damned Eastern Question" as the great factor of political unrest which in large part caused the War. And this same question was not settled by the diplomats at Versailles, because they shelved its consideration for so many months, that they finally were unable to settle it all, owing to the cooling of the Entente and the withdrawal of America. As to the League of Nations, he is optimistic. Born in the travail of war and weak in infancy, it is nevertheless valuable and destined to grow in stature and strength. It is the greatest idea which has issued from the war, and "ideas rather than facts dominate history." Even the United States must eventually join the League, according to his curious reasoning, out of self-protection against Bolshevism. To Mr. Stannard Bolshevism is such a bugbear that it drives him into illogical conclusions: on one page, it is so dangerous that we must hail the League of Nations as a saving bulkwark against it; on another, it cannot have vitality because its appeal is not to the ideal but to the brutal; there is in it no "idea comparable to that with which the French Revolution pulverized the obsolete feudalism that lay about it."

S. B. F.

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The Man Lenin, by Isaac Don Levine. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

THIS little book will serve as stopgap until we get a big and adequate study of the great iconclast. It is at least honest and does not try to impose on the reader a certain conception of Lenin.

The homely details and incidents cited by Levine sketches a man whose whole being was revolutionary. The key of Lenin's emotional life is concentrated wrath and fury at the exploitation and maltreatment of the Russian peasantry and proletariat, and at the savage repression of their spokesmen and champions. So he became the ruthless leader of the Russian working class in a social war which he considered inevitable. One is struck by the absence of sentiments like those of another great popular leader, Lincoln. "With malice toward none, with charity for all"; "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Not one resounding eloquent phrase seems to have fallen from the lips of Lenin. It is clear that he could have gotten nowhere with our American democracy. The secret of his success with the Russian masses is to be explained by their immense rage and indignation with the Tsarist nightmare. The book throws fresh light on how Lenin overturned the Provisional government, reveals the many dissensions among the Peoples' Commissars, and shows Lenin more and more dominating the thinking of his colleagues, while remaining unaffected by theirs. The author makes clear Lenin's great strength of will. He was a *Realpolitiker*, contemptuous of principles and formulas, impatient of fine phrases, unscrupulous in his methods, and with a shrewd judgment of elementary social forces. An inspiring world leader he certainly was not.

E. A. R.

The Index for Volume XXXIX, which was completed with our issue No.507, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to The New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

Contributors

JOHN R. COMMONS, economist and author, has written among other things: The Distribution of Wealth; Social Reform and the Church.

LAURENCE STALLINGS, who is on the staff of the New York World, is the author of Plumes, and co-author, with Maxwell Anderson, of What Price Glory, now playing in New York.

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SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, was, during the War, captain in the U. S. Air Service and Flight Commander of the 20th Aero Squadron. His new book, Three Flights Up, will be published by Scribner's in the fall.

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